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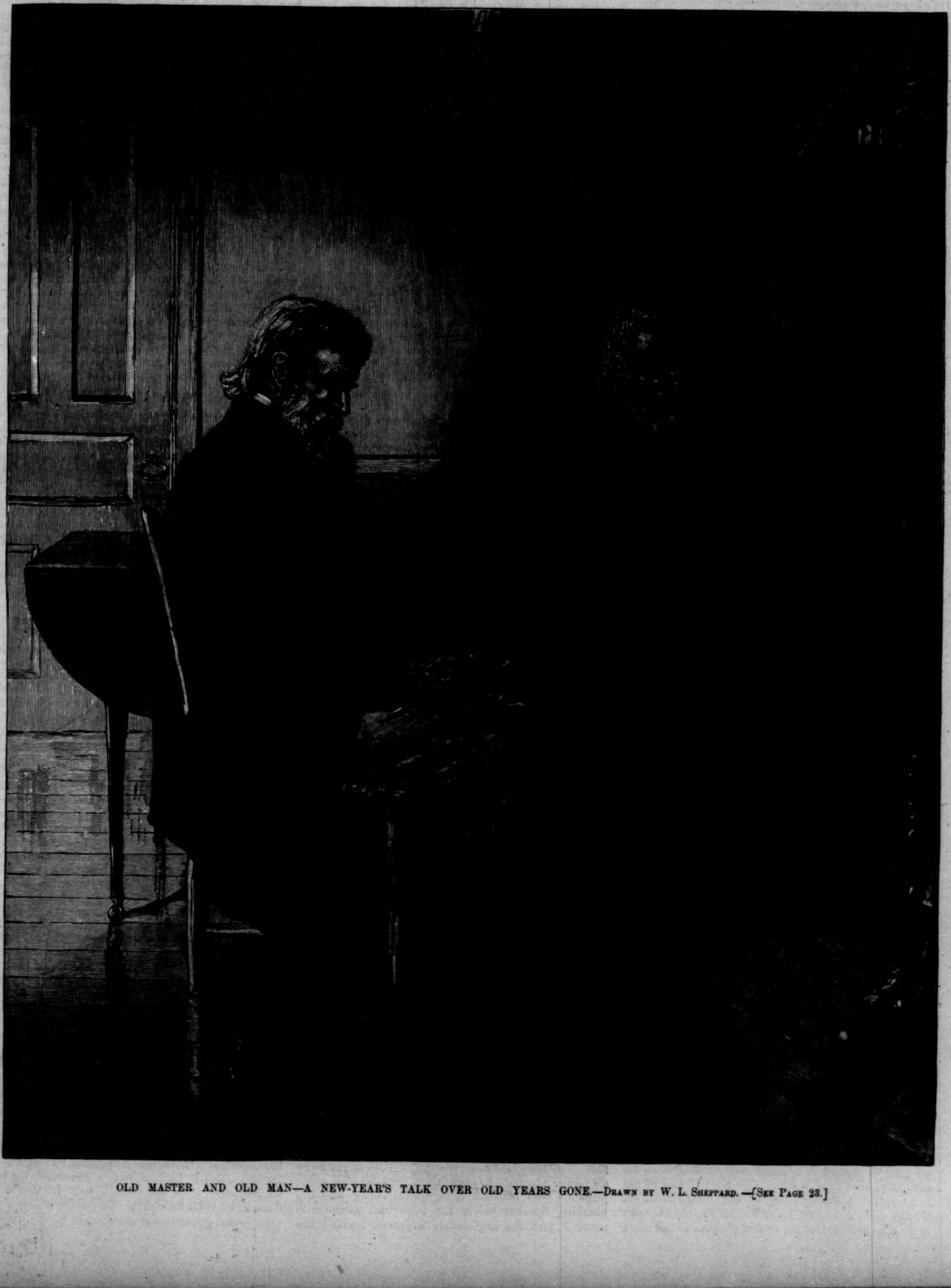

OLD MASTER AND OLD MAN—A NEW-YEAR'S TALK OVER OLD YEARS GONE.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 23.]

STANLEY'S STORY OF EMIN'S RESCUE.

THE STORY OF EMIN'S RESCUE AS TOLD IN STANLEY'S LETTERS. Published by Mr. Stanley's Permission. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. With Map of the Route and Three Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, 50 Cents. (*Just Published.*)

Mr. Henry M. Stanley's letters, as here arranged, and supplemented by letters from the late Major Barttelot, Mr. Jephson, Lupton Bey, Emin Pasha, and the Mahdi's General, give a brief and connected account of what has been, in some respects, the most remarkable expedition that ever entered Africa. Sir William Mackinnon, Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, kindly placed at the disposal of the publishers material that has not hitherto been given to the public. It will be distinctly understood that this volume will not trench in any way upon Mr. Stanley's larger work, which cannot be published for several months.

OTHER WORKS BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A CORRESPONDENT in Virginia asks in good faith and with entire courtesy:

> "Do the great mass of Republicans desire to see the negroes of the South made the social equals of their white brothers of the South? Do they desire to see the negroes of the South make and execute the laws, who 'from the beginning' have evinced no aptitude for such things and made no advancement in civilization, or is it the unscrupulous politicians of the Republican party who would sacrifice their white brothers of the South in order to maintain place and power?"

These are questions of the highest importance, which are now asked with great feeling, and which we will endeavor briefly and plainly to answer in the friendly spirit which our correspondent kindly attributes to Harper's Weekly. And, first, there are no Republicans known to us who wish to see the social relations of the Southern States determined by any other considerations than those of mutual inclination, which determine them in the Northern States and elsewhere. There is no difference upon that point. But the political question is of another kind. Under the Constitution all colored persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to its jurisdiction are citizens of the State in which they reside. But when the right of suffrage is abridged or denied in any State to any of its male inhabitants properly qualified, the basis of representation in Congress and in the electoral college is to be proportionately reduced; and the right to vote is not to be denied or abridged by any State on account of color.

The Republicans allege that the whites in the Southern States say universally and frankly that while colored citizens shall be personally well treated and educated, and encouraged in habits of industry or thrift, they shall not be allowed, even if they are the majority in any community, to control the local government or to fill important offices; that is to say, if citizens of the United States, and legally qualified voters in a State, by a majority vote in any district of that State, elect a representative in Congress or a Presidential elector, he shall not be declared elected nor suffered to take his seat; but that the candidate of the minority shall discharge the duties of the office. This, the Republicans say, is a plain and undenied subversion of the fundamental principle of the government, which is the rule of the legal majority, and a palpable violation of the constitutional intent. They assert that such subversion cannot be fairly held to involve the interest of a State or of a district alone, because it may give the control of Congress and the Presidency to persons who confessedly have not been legally elected. Consequently it is no answer to the complaint to say that the question is solely one for the consideration of the State, like the election of a justice of the peace or the mayor of a city. As the view of Southern white citizens which we have described is adopted and justified, even by such advanced friends of a "new South" and of national good understanding as the late Mr. H. W. Grady and the leading journals, the Republicans say it must be accepted as the settled purpose of the more intelligent and prosperous Southern citizens, who thus, without professed hostility to the Union or government, do really propose a radical revolution by practically annulling the fundamental principle of the government, thereby securing a false and unconstitutional representation.

To the specific question of our correspondent the Republicans would answer that they have no more desire to see the negroes control public affairs in Southern States than to see the ignorant foreign-born voters control them in the Northern States. They declare that they wish only to see the Constitution respected and the legal majority govern. They do not concede that the assertion that the negroes are an inferior race, wholly incompetent for political responsibility, and sure in practically assuming it to subvert civilized government, is a valid argument for defiance of the Constitution, and for the permanent disregard of fundamental legal rights involving injustice to the rights of other States and of the people at large. The Constitution knows nothing of superior and inferior races, and the assertion that the colored people are not fitted for political equality, Republicans hold to be but another form of the old allegation that they were not fitted for personal liberty. This we understand to be the Republican contention, and in stating it, we answer the question of our correspondent. It is a contention worthy of the most serious and dispassionate consideration by him and all who think with him. The Republican view is doubtless proclaimed by demagogues and party hucksters, but it is also held by the great mass of the party. The course which the party majority in Congress apparently proposes to take we do not now consider. Our present purpose is simply to answer our correspondent.

OUR NEXT NORTHERN NEIGHBOR.

While the Pan, or more properly the partially Pan-American Conference is considering our relations with South and Central America, a committee of the Senate is investigating our relations with Canada, which is the only cognate community with the United States upon the continent. The committee has already collected much information, and in this city the hearing opened the question of annexation. The chairman, Senator Hoar, said that it was the unanimous conviction of the committee, and it is undoubtedly that of the country, that overtures to that result must proceed from Canada. Mr. Erastus Wiman warmly urged commercial union as the present simple and feasible policy for good neighborhood and mutual advantage. Political union he thought might come; but at present, while Canada is undoubtedly ready for commercial, she is not ripe for political union.

This view was controverted by Mr. Glen, who had been for ten years a member of the Dominion Parliament, and who thought that the country would gladly unite politically with the United States. Mr. Glen opposed commercial union. But it did not appear from his remarks why, with a community ready to unite with us politically, commercial union would not be an excellent preliminary movement, as disposing those to complete union who now hesitate.

By the necessity of the case our relations with Canada must be more intimate than with any other country, and they must be more carefully adjusted in order to avoid trouble. So long as the Canadian political relation with England is loose and independent as at present, there would seem to be less need of haste. But if the scheme of imperial federation should be consummated, the connection with England would be confirmed and strengthened, and the foreign political leaning of the country determined. Canada would then become a commercial rival, as Mr. Wiman argued, sustained by British interest and power, and our neighborhood would be a source of constant anxiety. With such a neighbor and under existing conditions commercial union would seem to offer a friendly solution of possible trouble. Certainly it would promote friendly regard with a people coterminous with us, of the same general stock, the same language and traditions, and like our fathers emigrants from "the old home."

MR. SPEAKER HUSTED.

In the New York Legislature Mr. Husted has "broken the record" in the number of times that he has been elected Speaker, and this year he enters without contest upon a term which no predecessor has attained. This distinction is due primarily to his great parliamentary knowledge and skill, to his large public information and experience, to his readiness in debate, and his political tact and affability. The secret springs of legislative action are often very obscure. Important measures demanded by public opinion and promised by party conventions advance prosperously to a certain point just short of becoming laws, and from that point there seems to be no power adequate to move them, and the final compliments pass between the grateful House and the blushing Speaker before the important measure is reached, and the Legislature adjourns leaving the measure on the melancholy calendar of lost legislation. This situation is the legislative doldrums which the friends of good laws always fear.

A skilful and intrepid Speaker can do very much to promote or to defeat legislation. He is the most important officer in Congress, and one of the most important in the national or State government. Speaker Reed, for instance, might have appointed a committee upon civil service reform which would have reported in accordance with the wishes of Representative Houck and Senator Farwell, instead of a committee which Commissioner Roosevelt highly praises as sure to treat the subject in a friendly manner. The Speaker can thus largely mould legislation. Speaker Husted in a hundred ways can promote the passage of the ballot reform law. Indeed, it may be said truthfully that he can either cause its passage or its defeat, and its passage would certainly be the chief triumph that his party could achieve at this session. The issue upon this subject is fairly made with the Governor. He will not sign any effective bill, but he would gladly sign, undoubtedly, a bill which would not secure reform. Amendments in the Legislature, therefore, which would fatally weaken the bill would be a palpable connivance with the Governor.

The conditions of an effective law are as plain and familiar as those of a law in other days to exclude slavery from a Territory. No Republican in the country could have been bamboozled about such a law, and nobody in the Legislature need be bamboozled about a ballot reform law. Certainly the people will not be. The conditions which have been proved in actual trial to be effective in Massachusetts and elsewhere are those which would be effective in New York, and those are the conditions which are essential in the law. If the Governor should veto it, let him take the undivided responsibility. There is no need of helping him by emasculating the bill. It is upon the Speaker that public attention will be concentrated, and if the Speaker could signalize his unprecedented occupancy of the chair in a more memorable way to the advantage of the State than by aiding the passage of this law, that way has not been yet mentioned.

THE REPUBLIC AT COURT.

Our minister in Portugal and the officers of our squadron in the Tagus walked in the procession at the recent coronation of the King of that country, and some exception has been taken, as if the citizens of a republic ought not to countenance any royal or monarchical ceremonies. But this is putting too fine a point upon a very simple matter. We observe that President Carnot, of the French Republic, sent very warm congratulations to the young King—a proceeding which signified that while France prefers a republic, she respects the right of Portugal to prefer a monarchy. If we send a minister of the first rank to the Czar of Russia, who is a despot, we certainly expect him to behave like a gentleman in recognizing the forms and ceremonies of an imperial court which we recognize, and we do not intend by such well-bred conformity to approve Siberia or an autocracy, as when England and other free countries sent ministers to the United States before the war, they did not mean to approve human slavery.

If the people of Portugal preferred a republic, they would establish a republic. A King of Portugal today is not a tyrant and oppressor, who imposes himself upon a country by force of arms. Like the late Frederick the Good of Germany, he may be as earnestly devoted to the welfare of the people as the editor of the reddest republican newspaper. What is true of Portugal is equally true of England. That country prefers a monarchical form of government. That is to say, the English people think a permanent executive and a house of hereditary peers desirable, under the circumstances, as a part of the pageant of their government. But the real government is vested in a committee of the House of Commons, which is elected by the people, and the government changes when it loses a majority of the representatives of the people. If English public sentiment should change, the form of government would be changed. It would be very rash to say that liberty is less jealously protected in England than in America because there is a Queen instead of a President, or that Parliament is not as sensitive and accurate a representative of the opinion of the country as Congress.

Kings generally, except in Africa and Russia, are now political ceremonies, which continue because the people wish them to continue. But if republicans should treat them as wicked conquerors and suppressors of popular liberty, they would be rather ridiculous. In Brazil, so far as can be gathered from the accounts which seem to be most authentic, the people have acquiesced in the revolution rather than desired it; and they have acquiesced because a change was anticipated, although there was no general sense of oppression or wrong which produced insurrection. There was no personal ill-will to Dom Pedro. But if he had been a President instead of an Emperor, it is not certain that he could have done more than he did for the public welfare. The provisional government which calls itself a republic, but which has not been formally accepted by the country, suppressed with the army a movement against its authority, just as a King would have done.

MR. GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY-ONE.

Mr. Gladstone completed his eightieth year amid general congratulations. His career is certainly remarkable, and even now a certain youthful ardor is more observable in him than in former years. Many years ago Louis Blanc said of him that his mind was so judicial, causing him to see so strongly the reason of the opposing view, that he could never be a great leader. The quality that Louis Blanc remarked, the instinct for fair-play and justice even in politics, which prompted the sneer among those of a different kind that he was "a prig," is unquestionably characteristic of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Beaconsfield laughed at him for changing his opinions upon certain points. But Mr. Gladstone quietly replied that he should be sorry to have made no progress in forty years. No public man of his generation, indeed, illustrates more fully Mr. Emerson's description of himself—an endless experimenter with no past at his back. If he cared to speculate upon the verdict of history on his course, he might recall Sir Robert Peel, who broke with his party, but not with "good fame."

Among the tributes to Mr. Gladstone upon his birthday is an autograph album from America, in which we observe that Mr. Depew states that he occupies a place in American esteem never occupied by any foreigner except Lafayette. We are inclined to think that the hold of John Bright upon the American heart of his time was stronger. There is a certain alloy of politics in the profession of feeling for Mr. Gladstone which did not taint that for Mr. Bright. During the crucial contest in this country John Bright withstood powerful opinion in his own country, including that of Mr. Gladstone, and with eloquence and force unequalled since Burke asserted and defended the essential American principle of liberty and union. Neither Burke nor Chatham in the Revolution was a friend to America more true and sympathetic than Bright in later days, and it is not pleasant to remember that some of those who now most vociferously praise Gladstone refused a word of respectful regret for John Bright.

It seems almost too much to expect that time will permit Mr. Gladstone's return to official power. But even the fatal hand of time cannot steal his true glory, the example of great powers consecrated to the highest patriotism, and unabated intellectual vigor and freshness of feeling at threescore and twenty-one. Every man of the English race may well be proud of so sturdy and commanding an illustration of the higher and characteristic qualities of the English stock.

AN OBSTRUCTIVE DUTY.

The Committee on Ways and Means in Washington gave a hearing during the holidays to a committee of the National Free Art League. The committee is composed of well-known artists, who asked that the thirty per cent. duty now levied upon works of art be removed, because it is a protection which does not protect, and against which those who are supposed to be protected protest. To an inquiry sent to every artist, art institution, and art teacher in the country whose address could be procured, 1435 answers were received, of which 1345 desired the total abolition of the duty, and only seven favored the retention of the present rate.

The duty places American artists in the humiliating position of needing protection against other artists in a competition of talent and skill, while at the same time it limits their opportunities of study by obstructing the entry of foreign pictures. There is not a more indefensible tax in the tariff. Except upon the theory that protection is a sacred principle, and that everything brought into the country ought to be taxed, there is no excuse for retaining a duty which, by the practically unanimous declaration of the protected class, is an injury to it.

THE WEATHER AND THE INFLUENZA.

The weather and the influenza were the main topics of holiday conversation. The green Christmas was never more charmingly illustrated, so far as the soft and brilliant day was concerned, and the persistence of mild weather until New-Year's Day was regarded as evidence of the assertion which was attributed to various scientific authorities, and probably was uttered by none—that the Gulf Stream is drawing nearer to the coast. Such a movement would carry "the world" to Newport in the winter, for the gentle salubrity of the sea-air on Rhode Island has been long ascribed to the closer neighborhood of the Gulf Stream than at any other point upon the coast.

The other topic, the grippe, may be said to speak for itself. Nothing is more striking and mysterious than the sudden diffusion of such a malady over the globe, and the dazed speculations of professional wisdom in regard to its nature and conditions. In England Mr. Smalley writes that the prevailing trouble was thought to be only a pronounced epidemic of the ordinary "cold," and not the disorder which was prostrating St. Petersburg and Paris. It is called by the name made familiar in Paris some years ago, and is apparently an affection of the same kind, while here its victims insist that it is very different from a cold or a common influenza.

It would be a curious study to determine how much the general health is affected by the universal publicity and startling details given in the press to the symptoms and spread of the illness. If the general symptoms of cold in the head, headache, and high temperature and sneezing, indicate the presence of the Russian invader, as there is always an abundance of such symptoms at this season, the extent of the new malady would naturally seem to be very great. Happily thus far there has been nothing very alarming, however disagreeable and annoying the visitor may be. But if there be a connection between the green Christmas and the influenza, the dandelions and even roses with which Christmas was crowned in this neighborhood will be gladly relinquished to Jack Frost on condition that he excludes the Russian tyrant of the hour.

ELECTRICAL EXECUTION.

The General Term of the Supreme Court of New York in its fifth department affirms the constitutionality of the electrical execution law, and the question will now be carried to the Court of Appeals. The opinion of the General Term, written by Judge Dwight, is conclusive, and the final decision cannot be called doubtful. The plea of cruel and unusual punishment disappears before the fact that while hanging is undeniably cruel, execution by electricity is instantaneous, painless, and less revolting to the spectator than the present system. If it be unusual, it is only so in the sense of all improved methods; and if the word unusual should be interpreted as in the argument against the new method, no improvement could be adopted. It is now, however, well understood that the effort to set aside the law as unconstitutional upon the grounds alleged is a movement of an electrical light company, and does not spring from concern for the Constitution or for human suffering. It is well, however, that both the constitutionality of the law and its humanity should be amply vindicated before the change is consummated.

PATRONAGE AND DIRT.

The Mayor's recommendation that Mr. Coleman, the chief of the Street-cleaning Department in the city of New York, should be removed, and Mr. Coleman's resignation, are the latest incidents in the desperate endeavor of the city to secure clean streets. Thus far the problem is altogether too much for official competency. But under private contract and supervision streets are kept clean. The explanation of this fact is largely evident in Mr. Coleman's letter, which shows the usual trouble in all public official efficiency—the wretched squabbling over patronage. It is ludicrous to see party politics and political factional quarrels appearing in the business of street cleaning. Yet it is useful as showing the costly absurdity of the proceeding. It is not the Commissioner of Street Cleaning, it is the system under which he is compelled to work, which makes the streets of New York dirtier than those of any other great city in the world, and comparable only to those of Constantinople.

CHANCELLOR PIERSON.

The late Chancellor of the University of New York was a familiar public figure, and his sudden death surprised and grieved a large circle of friends, whom his hearty geniality and courtesy held in the pleasantest personal relations. He had the honest and sturdy respect for letters which is felt by a man who has bravely made his own way; and although his life was mainly that of active business, his taste for intellectual pursuits and his respect for scholars remained always unchanged. He had a deep sense of the dignity of the official headship of the system of higher education in New York which he held for some time before his death, and he discharged its duties with unremitting zeal and uprightness. The affable hospitality of his home maintained the traditions of his office, which is one of the oldest in the State, and it was during his incumbency that the law was passed defining more clearly the duties of the University, and opening to it the opportunity of increased efficiency in its various functions. In all such progressive movements the Chancellor was actively interested. Mr. Pierson carried into all public relations and duties the generous ardor of his nature, and he falls in the fulness of his powers, and to the last moment devoted with unabated energy to his duties. His portrait will be found upon another page.

BROWNING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Robert Browning lies in Westminster Abbey, beside Chaucer, to whom in blitheness of spirit Landor compared him, and in Venice the municipality have ordered a memorial plate to be placed on the Palazzo Rezzonico, where he died. In Florence there is already a tablet upon Gasa Guidi, where he and his wife lived, and the name of Casa Guidi she gave to English literature. These tributes from Italy are very fitting, because no poet has more sympathetically and profoundly interpreted mediæval and modern Italy than Browning. It was, indeed, his second country, although even there his strong and virile English heart, with deep English longing, sang:

> "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there!"

Italy has always fascinated English poets. Milton, Byron, Shelley, Browning, are all names which the pilgrim to Italy will at once recall. The romantic feeling of the last English generation for Italy was so adequately and admirably expressed by Byron, that almost every famous name and object in the country recalls a Byronic line. Browning's appreciation and interpretation are more subtle and dramatic, and those who remember the days of the Italian contest with Austrian dominion can comprehend the power and tragic pathos of such poems as the "Italian in England."

The tributes paid to the poet by Italy are very significant and touching. Holland always honored Motley for telling her splendid story so worthily, nor suffered the fact that he was a foreigner to abate the grateful ardor of her admiration. So with Italy and Browning. The country with "the fatal gift of beauty for a dower" cherished no bumptious jealousy that the truest modern interpreter of her life was not an Italian. The fact has a large moral. No Italian would show himself to be a better patriot if he should insist that Italy had poets good enough for her, and that she had better reserve her honors for her own children. Generosity is as precious an element of love of country as of love of kindred and friends:

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

STANLEY'S LETTERS.

A very interesting little volume is just issued by the Harpers, containing the letters written by Henry M. Stanley to the committee organized for the relief of Emin Pasha and to various friends, together with letters between different parts of the expedition. The work is in fact a kind of brief and rapid summary of the route and fortunes of Stanley's great march, but it is of course entirely independent of the work of description and detail which he will prepare for publication.

The simple statement of the dangers, disasters, and death which this brave expedition encountered is very impressive. The most acute and trying difficulties are mentioned quietly and without rhetoric, although occasionally the writer gives glimpses of the singular beauty of the region that he traverses. A very interesting fact is the glamour and enchantment of equatorial Soudan both upon Emin and his people. They did not know whether they wished to come away or to remain. The old tradition of the indolent charm of the lotus is recalled by this curious languor and hesitation in the lands around the very sources of the Nile, upon whose banks the lotus grew. The book has all the fascination of a story of wild adventure, which is even more charming from the entire want of literary exaggeration.

PERSONAL.

Robert T. Lincoln, United States Minister to England, has spent little of his time during the past two months in London, the serious illness of his son Abraham at Versailles, France, calling him there. An operation on a carbuncle came near ending fatally for the boy, and the slowness of his recovery is very discouraging.

—Among the new Congressmen is Posey Green Lester, of Virginia, a Baptist minister, who has preached in a dozen or more different States, and has also edited a hymn-book.

—Mr. Robert Thorne, M.A., who for some years was in charge of the scientific department of St. Paul's Cathedral School, has prepared a volume of *Fugitive Facts* which contains much interesting data, usually left out of the cyclopædias. The progress in the uses of electricity, which has been noted from time to time by the Weekly, is here presented in a concise form, and the book is one of value to those who seek for information out of the ordinary run.

—A more remarkable man than the late MacMurrough Kavanagh, of Carlow, Ireland, was in many respects never sat in the British House of Commons. Although nature had deprived him of arms and legs, he was a strong and entertaining orator, and never spoke to empty benches. An exception to the rule that members must address the House standing was made in his favor, and other courtesies were extended to the man whose intelligence, noble face, and conscientious attention to his duties made him a popular and valued member. Mr. Kavanagh came of an old and wealthy family, and had a beautiful wife and a large number of children, none of whom were in any way deformed. His physical defects were so well supplemented that he rode fearlessly, drove a four-in-hand coach, wrote beautifully, and acquired considerable fame as an amateur artist.

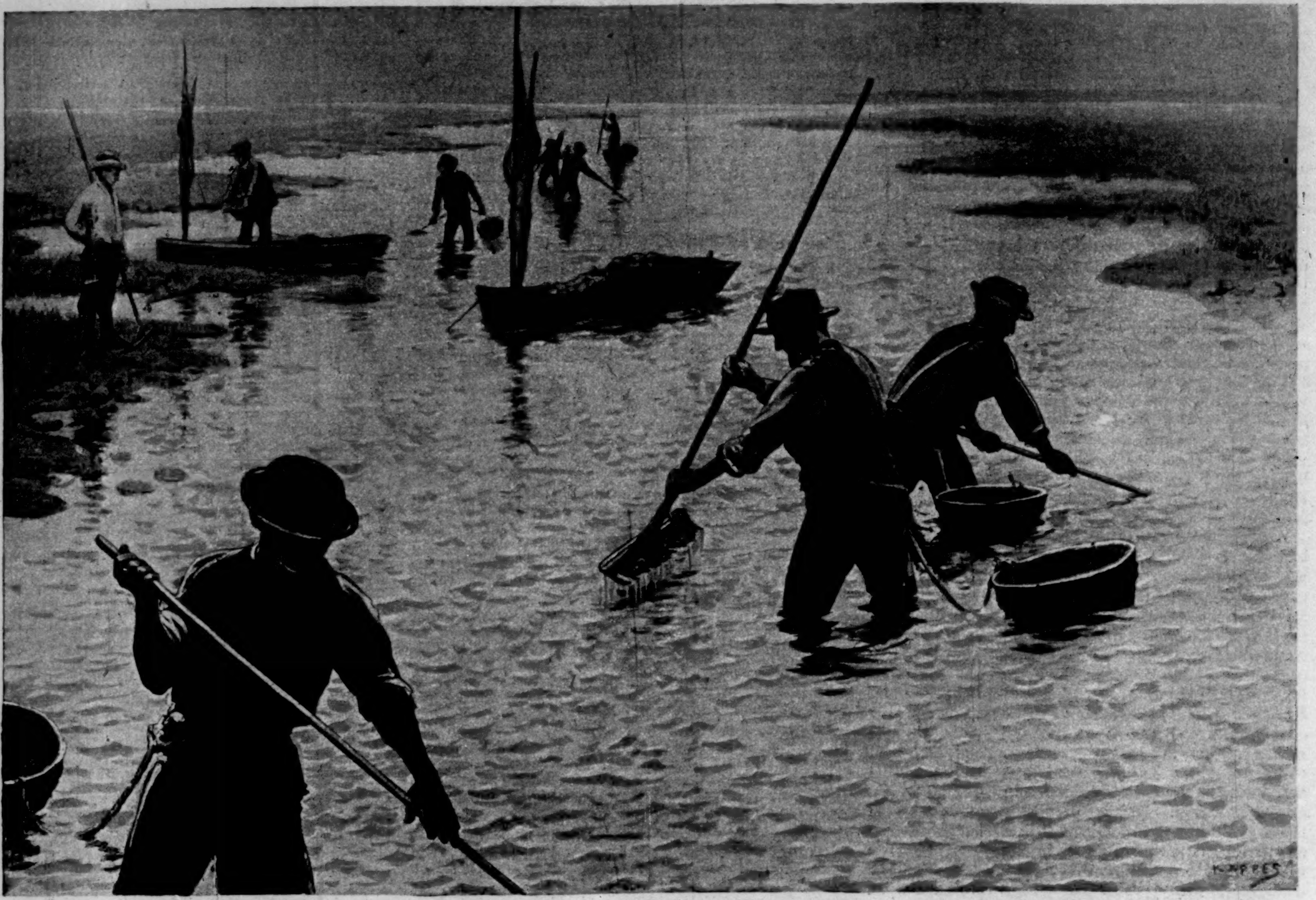
—Among the curiosities of humanity may safely be included the wealthy Mrs. Dr. Henry Hiller, of Wilmington, Massachusetts. About a year ago her husband died and was buried in a $50,000 casket, which rests in a $5000 temporary tomb at Wilmington. Now Mrs. Hiller is building a $100,000 mausoleum at Winchester, Massachusetts, where she hopes ultimately to be buried with her husband in elaborately carved sarcophagi which will cost $50,000 apiece. Her own casket will cost a similar amount, and the value placed on her burial robe, which is of rare silk and lace, with silver hooks and eyes, is $22,000. In the elaborate carvings on the tomb and sarcophagi are represented characters from the Bible, Shakespeare, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, etc., while many inscriptions are used. By the expenditure of about half a million, Mrs. Hiller hopes to overcome the usual repulsiveness of burial. Mrs. Hiller has been a great traveller, and is a woman of wide and varied culture. She has had twenty-three children, fourteen of them twins, but none of them survive.

—Some of the leading politicians and society men in Boston, among them ex-Mayor William E. Russell, of Cambridge, Sigourney Butler, William F. Weld, A. W. Longfellow, and Francis Peabody, belong to a club known as the India Wharf Rats. The members are expected to know how to cook, and they have given a number of successful dinners which are supposed to have been prepared entirely by themselves.

—One morning in last September, Mr. Spurgeon, the London preacher, warned his congregation that his health was giving way, and said he felt that he might not be with them long. He was suffering severe pain then from gout in the knee, and is now threatened with a serious throat ailment.

—The late ex-Empress of Brazil had been married to Dom Pedro for forty-six years, and her death is a heavy blow to her husband, the strong affection of the aged couple for each other being most touching. The Empress had been in a delicate state of health for many years, and had suffered much from deafness. She was a princess of the royal house of Naples.

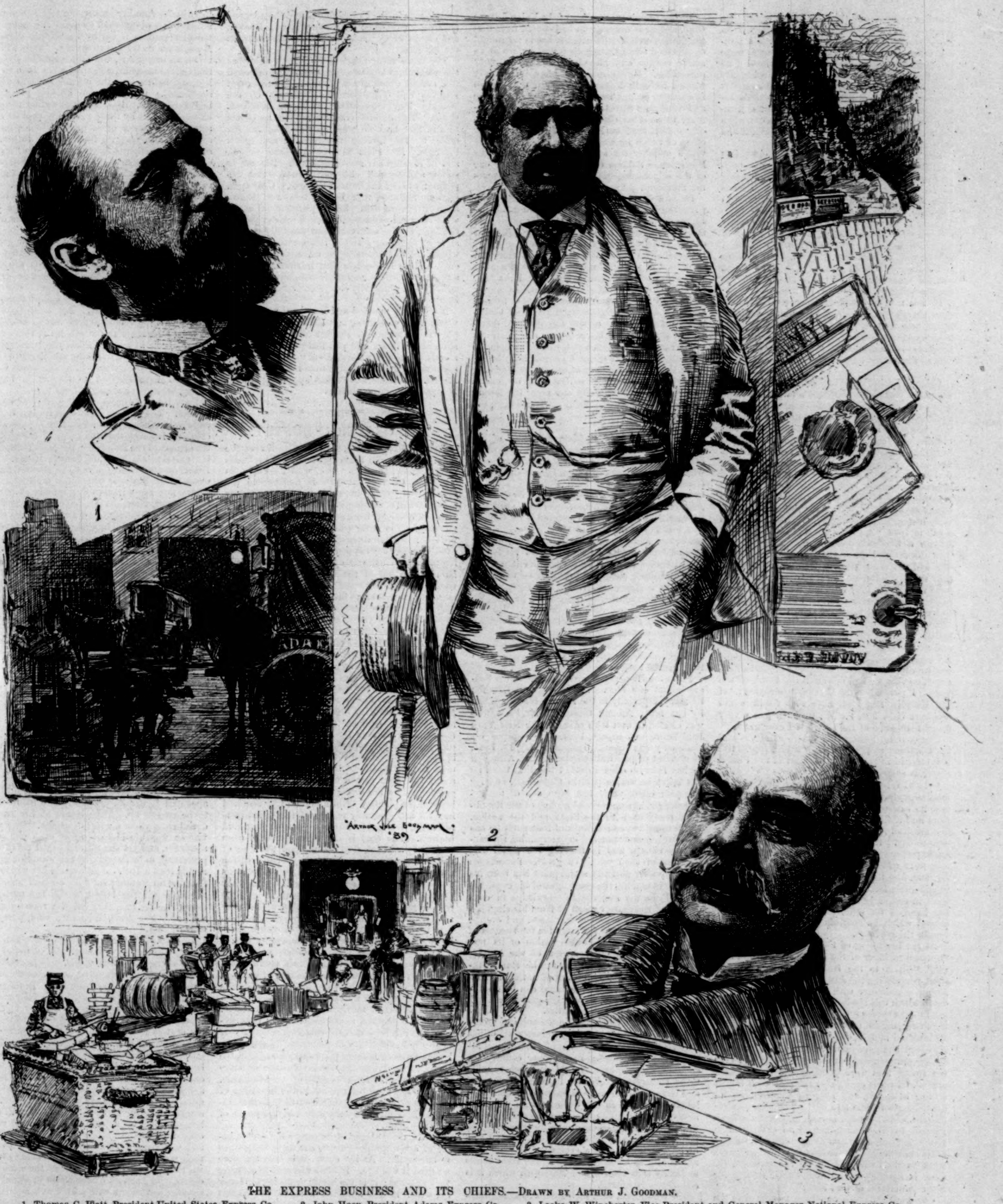
—It was long ago said of Mr. George W. Childs, the publisher of the *Public Ledger*, that he was the two "Cheeryble Brothers" rolled into one; but probably a more appropriate name for him would be the Santa Claus of the newspaper world. On this last Christmas Day Mr. Childs, it is said, gave presents amounting to many thousands of dollars in hard cash to the editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, and other employés of the *Ledger*. When it is considered that the salaries and wages paid by Mr. Childs are as large as the largest paid by other Philadelphia publishers, it will be recognized that any one associated with him in his work has cause to be satisfied with his employer. It is said by his employés however, that they have even greater cause for satisfaction with him because of his daily consideration for them than for his Christmas bounty. It is represented to be pretty much of the same admirable sort as that of Mr. Fezziwig for his employés, which was so warmly described by Scrooge. "He has the power," said old Jacob Marley's partner, "to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks, in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune." That is said to describe with wondrous accuracy Mr. Childs's relations with his employés, who say he is a man who honors Christmas in his heart, and keeps it always.



RAKING IN SHALLOW WATER.—Drawn by Alfred Kappes.

WORKING THE BEDS OFF ANNAPOLIS.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

OYSTERING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.—[See Page 22.]



THE EXPRESS BUSINESS AND ITS CHIEFS.—Drawn by Arthur J. Goodman.

1. Thomas C. Platt, President United States Express Co. 2. John Hoey, President Adams Express Co. 3. Locke W. Winchester, Vice-President and General Manager National Express Co.

MEN WHO CONTROL MILLIONS.*

V.—THREE REPRESENTATIVE EXPRESSMEN.

John Hoey is over sixty years of age, though it is hard for his best friends to realize it, so buoyant, pleasant, and youthful in manner and spirit is the president of the Adams Express Company. The extent of the business over which he has undisputed control is best indicated by a placard which was displayed as a conspicuous feature in the Constitutional Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia. This placard read as follows:

1840.
ADAMS & CO.
Employés: 2 Men and 1 Boy.
One Wheelbarrow.

1887.
ADAMS EXPRESS CO.
7800 Employés; 1826 Wagons; 2285 Horses.
28,000 Miles of Railroad operated.

The boy was John Hoey. The two men were Alvin Adams and William B. Dinsmore. All continued in the business which Mr. Adams established until the two men, having achieved wealth and a commercial distinction rarely attained by anybody, joined the majority, leaving Hoey in the direct line of succession to the command of the great organization.

The development of the express business—a distinctively American convenience—has been identical with the development of John Hoey. It seems like a story of some other century to read the description of him as "a sandy-haired, rosy-cheeked, bright, blue-eyed lad, who, in 1841, '42, '43, and '44, used once or twice a day to rush into the New York newspaper sanctums with the latest news from Boston, asking the editors to give credit to Adams Express Company." In those days it was quick work to carry news fifty miles an hour, though the railroads were sufficiently well built and well operated to do it occasionally. The telegraph service of to-day was unknown.

The boy became a clerk, and passed through all the stages of routine, keeping tally of freight, pasting labels, sealing packages, and building up, as the business grew to almost fabulous dimensions, the elaborate yet simple system of accounts by which a complete record is kept of every package as well as every dime received by the company. The marvel was that the business did not outgrow him, for in 1847 there was a spasmodic growth that must have taxed the energies of any man to keep pace with it. The outbreak of the gold fever in California called forth the utmost resources of the carrying trade, and made the expressmen rich rapidly. Not only were they intrusted with freight of all kinds, but they were actually driven into the banking business, for banks could not be established fast enough to handle the millions that were literally picked up in the gold fields, and gold-dust almost by the bushel had to be brought from the diggings to the mints.

As the two men grew old, the boy grew up, and understanding his business thoroughly, loving it well, and working at it with the same untiring industry that he demands from all his employés, he assumed in time the control. To his personal enterprise in a very great degree was due the fact that his company retained the leading place in the business which was too great to be all retained by any monopoly, and though his rivals grew rich, he grew richer.

To-day his fortune is fairly to be called vast, though he does not figure among the richest men of the country. Like most hard workers, he has also an intense fondness for play, and has been known for many years as one of the most jovial, genial, merry-natured men in the New York clubs, and in the great city of pleasure that has grown up on the New Jersey coast. No place in Long Branch is more famous than John Hoey's mansion and private park. He is a leading citizen there, and might be a much more prominent man in the metropolis than he is if he had the ambition to mingle more in what are called public affairs. He rather shuns than courts personal prominence, however, and devotes his energies to the affairs of his company, not, indeed, with the same assiduity that he did when building up those affairs, but with as careful and constant attention.

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Socially, as hinted above, he is to be classed as a club-man, belonging to several of the best-known organizations of that kind, and forming his friendships among men of that type. He has been known for many years as the friend and associate of the group which had Wallack's Theatre for a centre, and his name is commonly coupled with that of Lester Wallack or that of Theodore Moss. It was in Wallack's Theatre, indeed, that he met Mrs. Russell, the charming and estimable woman who, as Mrs. John Hoey, was for years one of the prime favorites of the theatre-going public of New York.

He is a man of prominence necessarily, for the same energy which has made for him the success in business that justifies this sketch is displayed in everything to which he gives his attention, and in whatever connection he is known men look to him as one of the natural leaders.

Colonel Locke W. Winchester, who has been for many years vice-president and general manager of the National Express Company, and who is virtually the actual executive head of that concern, has been in the express business almost all his life, and has seen its development from the humblest beginning to its present enormous proportions. He was born in Woodstock, Vermont, in 1824, and when only a boy eighteen years old entered the employ of Mr. Hamden, who was the real originator of the express system. "In those days," says Colonel Winchester, speaking of the early history of his company, after Mr. Hamden's death in 1844, "we could not go to the bank and borrow a hundred dollars. Our property was insignificant and the business very unimportant. We had not the system of transacting business that we now have, and although losses of goods were infrequent, they did sometimes occur. On one occasion a trunk was lost which we claimed to have put on the boat that Commodore Vanderbilt was then running, and we went to him to get satisfaction, but we were young and he wasn't, and we got none. We didn't then take a receipt for every blessed thing we handled as we do now, and we couldn't produce any proof beyond a bare assertion that we had delivered the trunk on the boat. I remember the Commodore saying: 'If Mr. Hamden had been alive that trunk would not have been lost, for Mr. Hamden was a very smart man—one of the smartest I ever knew.'"

The contrast between that state of affairs and the condition at present, when over $70,000,000 is invested in the express business in the United States, is sufficiently striking.

Colonel Winchester, not a colonel then, worked indefatigably in the development of a business that he saw was certain to grow, and to his efforts and ability are due much of the prosperity and much of the excellence of system in the business to-day. He was prominent among the leading expressmen when the lines were extended, as they were within a few years, all over the country, and, like the others, he accumulated a very considerable fortune, though its figure is insignificant in comparison with the enormous sums he has handled for other people, and the invested capital which he controls by virtue of his position in the business.

At the beginning of the war of the rebellion he was a member of the Seventh Regiment, and went with it to the front both times when it went, performing the duties of quartermaster and acting commissary with a skill and attention to detail which was the legitimate result of his training in the express business. On the occasion of the first going out of the regiment it became heavily involved in debt, owing to the fact that it had no camp equipage, and to the further fact that the government had not yet provided quarters for the troops that were pouring into the national capital. In this emergency the men were forced to live at hotels, and speedily incurred an indebtedness of some $18,000. The officers were amazed and distressed beyond measure, and it remained for the quartermaster to extricate the regiment from a serious difficulty. "If we had come back in debt," he says now, "Heaven knows what would have become of the Seventh, for there is nothing so bad as financial trouble for any organization of that kind."

Commissary Patten had been promoted to the rank of paymaster in the United States Army, and his duties in the regiment devolved upon Quartermaster Winchester. He went to work studying up the law which should tell him what the regiment was entitled to draw from the general government in the way of rations, commutation, etc., and the result was that the Seventh returned to New York out of debt and with money in the bank.

Mr. Winchester remained in the regiment until 1863, when his business, which had grown enormously owing to the requirements of war, compelled him to resign. Afterward he took an active interest in the affairs of the Veteran Association. Much has been said of the complications that have arisen between this organization and the regiment itself, but through them all Colonel Winchester, though the leading spirit among the veterans, and for a long time the commanding officer of the corps, has retained the personal friendship of nearly all the members of the regiment. Few men, indeed, in New York can boast of a wider acquaintance or greater popularity among people of the best standing in the community.

He is a prominent member of the Union League Club, and, as is naturally to be inferred from that fact, is a stanch Republican, but has never sought or accepted office, though he is well known as an active worker and liberal contributor to party necessities. He is also the president of the newly formed Seventh Regiment Veteran Club, which is about to occupy its handsome new club-house at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. He belongs to no other clubs at present, having withdrawn from the New York, the Jockey, and other clubs of which he was formerly a member. He was a member for a long time of the famous Restigouche Salmon Club, of which he was one of the originators, and for the first three years the president.

He is a director in the American Surety Company, the Whiting Silver Manufacturing Company, the Marshall Consolidated Coal Company, and the Citizens Savings-Bank, and is the president of the Adirondack Express Company.

Personally Colonel Winchester is a convivial man, fond of the good things of life, and a most enjoyable companion among those who know him. He is fond of sport as well, and spends a goodly portion of each summer shooting and fishing, generally in the neighborhood of Lake Champlain. Although he retains the personal direction of the affairs of his company, and is still as regular in his attendance at his office as when he was struggling for success, he is gradually laying aside the heavier matters of detail, and confining himself more and more to the work of general supervision, enjoying more and more the leisure he has so well earned. He is a married man, but has no children.

The Hon. Thomas C. Platt, president of the United States Express Company, and ex-Senator of the United States, is one of the few Americans who have achieved distinction both political and commercial. He was born July 15, 1833, at Owego, the capital of Tioga County, New York. After receiving a common-school and academic education in that town he entered Yale College as a member of the class of 1853. His collegiate career was never completed, ill health compelling him to leave before he had reached his Senior year. On his return from college he entered politics, and made such progress that he was nominated as a Representative in the Forty-second Congress for the district comprising Broome, Tioga, Tompkins, and Schuyler counties. He was elected, and though a stranger to Washington, made such a mark during his term that upon its expiration he was renominated by acclamation, and elected to the Forty-third Congress by a largely increased majority.

From the House of Representatives to the Senate is but one step. This, though undertaken by many, especially in the Empire State, is taken by but few. Among these was Mr. Platt, who was elected to that high office by the New York Legislature in January, 1881. He retained his chair only five months, resigning May 17, 1881, on account of political complications. Although he has held no official office since that time, he has taken an active part in state-craft, and for the past eight years has been one of the acknowledged but uncrowned leaders of the Republican party in both the State and the nation. At all the great conventions of that party he has been largely instrumental in determining the candidates chosen and in framing the policy and platform of each year. Of greater importance from a purely partisan stand-point has been his work in managing the campaigns of his organization. From his remarkable knowledge of each district of the State, as well as from his singularly excellent memory of men, places, and events, he has probably done far more for the success of his party and the admirable action of its machinery than any other citizen of the Empire State. Opinions may differ as to his statesmanship and his grasp of events of national or international importance, but there can be no difference of opinion as to his high genius as a politician and man of public affairs.

Great as is his reputation in the political arena, it is equally great in that vast industry which has been created by the necessities of American life—the express business. In no other country are such distances to be traversed and such freights to be transported. Where in England, France, and Germany it involves thousands of dollars, it involves millions in the United States. A faint idea of its magnitude may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Platt's company employs over 10,000 men, has a railroad mileage in this country alone of 25,000 miles, uses a capital of $10,000,000, and transacts business in more than 4000 offices under its own control, and 7000 with which it is commercially related.

His connection with the express company business began in July, 1879, when he was appointed General Agent of the United States Express Company. He filled the position so satisfactorily that the following February (1880) he was elected president, which he has ever since remained. The corporation when he entered its service was but second-rate at the best. Under his administration it has become one of the greatest business concerns in the world. During this period it has absorbed rival companies such as the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Express Company and the Baltimore and Ohio Express Company; opened new trunk-lines which cross the continent, and extended its connections to nearly every point in the West and Southwest, and upon the Pacific coast. It has also established a European department, a private money-order system, and a system for transmitting money by telegraph similar to that employed by the Western Union. Its latest venture of public interest was effected on April 21st, last year, when it secured the contract from the national government for the carriage and delivery of all governmental moneys and securities. Through these various movements it now covers nearly every point of prominence in the United States and Canada, and is directly connected with every city in Europe, and almost every place of commercial interest in the far East.

The latest recognition of Mr. Platt's ability as the manager of a great express company occurred this month, when he was appointed to represent Express and Transportation interests on the World's Fair Committee by Mayor Hugh J. Grant. The implied compliment was increased by the fact that he was recommended for the office by the leading members of that great business. Mr. Platt is over medium height, and of slender but muscular build. His face is sallow and seamed with the furrows which are popularly called the lines of thought. Gray eyes, regular features, thin brown hair and beard, sparsely strewn with white, a pleasant but somewhat reserved expression about the lower part of the face, and a measured and carefully worded style of speaking give the impression of a man whose chief characteristics are application, energy, and an intensely active intellect. He has a pleasant address, attractive manners, and both socially and politically enjoys considerable popularity.

Mr. Platt is married and has three sons, all of whom have grown up, and already begin to display the influence of the law of heredity. Despite his business and political pursuits, he may almost be classed in the ranks of "domestic men," spending at home whatever time is not consumed in these two fields, and seldom appearing in what is known as general society.

THE OYSTER INDUSTRY.

BEFORE an oyster can take upon itself even the dignity of its name, it must go through three natural processes: first it is "spat," then "seed," then "plant." On fine hot days in midsummer the mother oyster opens her shell, and the young ones escape from it, looking at the time as intangible as a puff of steam from a railway engine on a still morning. The little ones drift to and fro with the tide; many of them die, and those that do live exist because they happen to find a suitable resting-place. When the oyster is five weeks old he is taken out of the water, and has become what is called a "seed." In five or six weeks more he has proven to be a "plant," and is carefully placed in an oyster-bed, where he remains for from two to four years, when he is large enough to be brought to the market.

The coast of Long Island, from which vicinity many of our best oysters come, is indented with bays and creeks. A large part of the softer portions of the bottoms of these bays, where the mud is not too soft or deep, has of late years been staked off and is now used for planting purposes. Most of the seed for these natural beds on the north shore is obtained from the natural beds of the Sound. Some of the oystermen gather their own seed, others go to Connecticut and purchase it from the oystermen there, while others depend upon the seed gathered from the local bed. The amount of seed placed upon an acre of planted ground varies according to the locality and the ideas of the planter. Not less than four hundred bushels are generally used, and the quantity is increased from this number up to a thousand bushels. The seed is left upon the beds from two to four years, depending upon the size of the oysters when planted and the demands of the market to be supplied. Oysters do not grow as fast upon the north side of Long Island as they do upon the south side. Oystermen living in the former section think they are doing well if they take up as many bushels as they lay down, first-rate if they get double the number, and exceedingly well if the yield is three bushels for one.

The food of the oyster consists entirely of microscopic beings and fragments of organic matter, which are carried by the currents of water to the mouth of the animal at the hinge end of the shell. Along with the food a large amount of indigestible dirt or inorganic matter is carried in. When this material is examined through the microscope it is seen that the oyster subsists largely upon what scientists call "diatoms"—one of the lowest types of moving plants which swim in the water, encased in minute sandstone cases or boxes of the most delicate beauty of workmanship. When these have been found in the intestines of the oyster they have usually had their living contents dissolved out by the action of the juices of the stomach.

In the early stages of its career the oyster, being of a very tender nature, has many difficulties to encounter. At the outset it is only a chance whether it will live. It cannot be said to struggle for existence; it is too weak to do that. Later on, when it has assumed a shape and shows promise of future succulence, the pirates of the deep begin their work of destruction. One of the oyster's worst enemies is the "five-finger," commonly called the starfish. These pests abound in the oyster-beds along the Sound and the East River. They often destroy entire beds of young oysters, and the unfortunate oysterman, who has reasonably expected a large profit on his plant, finds it will not pay to take the oysters up. Entire beds are devastated before the invaders are routed. It is fortunate that starfish do not hang around the beds all the year, or do not appear from their deep-water homes every season. Now and then, however, they roll in in countless swarms. At such times the planters proceed to exterminate them with steam-dredges arranged especially for the purpose of gathering them up and destroying them. The starfish destroys the oyster by entwining it in his deadly grasp, but how he gets the oyster out of the shell is a matter still in dispute among experts on the subject. Sometimes the object is said to be accomplished by suffocating, sometimes poisoning, and sometimes the oyster is taken out bodily, leaving the empty shells, known among oystermen as "clocks." Another enemy, the whelk, can make a hole in an oyster-shell so clean and exact that it will appear as if cut by a jeweller's diamond. Mussels are no friends to oysters. They will settle on an oyster-bed, and then spinning their curious silk-like webs, will thus allow mud to collect, and before long the oysters beneath will be smothered. Black mussels abound principally in Prince's Bay. But, notwithstanding the great loss occasioned by these pests, the prolific character of the oyster gives promise of a plentiful supply of the favorite food for the future. A scientific investigator has told us that the "spats," or embryonic oysters, resemble fine slate-pencil dust, and states that he has found from 829,000 to 276,000 individual spats in one oyster. Few persons will have the courage to verify this count, but even should the estimate be too large by a few thousand, the prospect for the lovers of bivalves is most encouraging.

After the oysters have received their growth in the beds they are naturally impregnated with bitter sea-water, and their stomachs are filled with undigested food. To make them fit for consumption they are removed to fresh-water near the land, when, after remaining a short time, they are ready for the market. The small bays and creeks on Long Island and on Staten Island are of great advantage to the planter in this branch of the oyster industry. From the latter part of September until the following spring, as the weather permits, the oysters will be freshened in this way, and then shipped to market in barrels, bushel baskets, or strong canvas bags.

Each locality swears to the quality of its own oysters. The oysters from Chesapeake Bay are popular in Washington and Baltimore; the Philadelphian believes that the home of the oyster is the estuary of the Delaware; the New-Yorker puts his gastronomic faith in Saddle Rocks. Blue Point oysters, named after the hamlet on the Great South Bay near which they are found, have a very fine flavor; and the products of Shrewsbury River, New Jersey, have their admirers. The smallest known oysters are dug in the neighborhood of Ostend, Belgium, and are favorites with the English, French, and Germans. In Florida, oysters are found growing on the trunks and branches of trees which extend into the water along the creeks and inlets of the coast. Taking the world over, there are said to be nearly four hundred varieties of oysters. Before oysters were sent from the East to be transplanted in the waters around California, the native bivalve of that country was exceedingly small; it took a great many of the home product to make a satisfactory meal. The story is told of a young lady, a resident of that State, who was stopping at a New York hotel. She wanted some lunch, and told the astonished waiter to bring to her room a hundred oysters. It was not for the waiter to question the taste, or rather the appetite, of the young woman, who, of course, had in mind the diminutive bivalves of her native State. The order was soon filled by *three* waiters, each of whom carried a tray full of oysters, every oyster seeming to the young woman as big as her hand. They seemed to look at her with their horrid white faces and their one diabolical eye until they appeared to her like so many live babies ready to be carved up. They leered at her as if to dare her to come on to the attack. The young woman was afraid to swallow even one of the monsters, and yet she wanted to get rid of them, preferring to be thought by the waiters a glutton rather than a fool. Just outside her window she found a tin water-spout with a small hole in it; she enlarged the hole and slid the oysters all down, one by one, they all the time eying her with what she described as "a cold, pasty look of malignity."

In these days when handsomely decorated and well-appointed oyster-houses can be found in all parts of the great metropolis, it is interesting to look back to the primitive accommodations furnished sixty or seventy years ago. In those days oysters were roasted on a gridiron fully two feet square. The back part of the roaster would rest on the back-log, and the front on the fore-stick, the oysters having been first placed on the gridiron with their hollow sides down. Two old-fashioned rush-bottomed chairs were placed near the hearth—one for the customer, and the other to do duty as a table. The oysters were placed on a brown earthen pie dish, and served with the usual condiments and rye-bread and butter. Old stagers were accustomed to use the shell of the largest oyster as a plate from which to eat the others. Stews were then made in chafing-dishes, and experienced consumers preferred to make their own stews themselves, after being provided with the dish, the spirit-lamp, and the usual ingredients. In 1836 an oyster house in Canal Street supplied customers with a stew at a shilling, furnishing cabbage and butter. Other houses soon adopted the idea, and advertised "oysters on the Canal Street plan."

It is interesting to recall how many famous men have shown a fondness for oysters. The first person who made artificial oyster-beds was Sergius Orata, who, according to Pliny, lived just before the Marsic war. He did so for the purpose of receiving an income from the experiment, and was very successful. Cervantes was an oyster lover; Voltaire, Rousseau, Turgot, Helvetius, Diderot, Danton, Robespierre, the Abbé Reynal, the great Napoleon, and Gambetta were confirmed oyster eaters. Among English celebrities may be mentioned Pope, Swift, Thomson, the learned Dr. Richard Bentley, David Hume, Dugald Stewart, Christopher North, Grattan, Flood, Clare, Castlereagh, and O'Connell. Mr. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1855, always had a tray of Ostend oysters and some thin slices of brown bread and butter brought to him at mid-day to refresh him in his labor. Among Americans, either alive or dead, who are or were fond of the famous shell-fish, may be named Charles O'Conor, Chief-Justice Daly, Chief-Justice Shea, General Scott, General Grant, and General Hancock.

The oyster, through its very dumbness, has furnished the text for one good joke in our language. Coleridge was descanting on the repulsive appearance of the oyster.

"It isn't handsome, Coleridge," said Lamb; "but it has the advantage of you in one thing."

"What is that?" queried Coleridge, who, as everybody knows, was an exhaustless talker.

"It knows when to shut its mouth," was the reply.

GEORGE J. MANSON.

RICHES IN ROOKERIES.

THERE is a certain tumble-down street in New York city which leads from Broadway toward the East River. Round about it are some of the handsomest and most costly structures used for commercial purposes on the continent. So far as appearance goes, this dilapidated street is smothered out of the community. The portion of it with which this article is concerned comprises four blocks, two on the north and two on the south side, facing each other. The stairs are rickety, and the passageways dark, the visitor in broad daylight having to feel his way up and down, all the while running the risk of tumbling, or of striking his head against some part of the curious interior. It is easy to see that these houses were built for private use, and that they cannot be less than half a century old. In all these places he will find only two elevators. He has to reach his destination invariably by ascending creaking stairs, under which and about which spiders weave their webs. This is the home of the diamond dealers and numerous wealthy jobbers in jewelry of the city of New York.

As you pass up or down Maiden Lane, for this is the name of the unlovely street, you get some idea of the traffic in which the inhabitants of these blocks engage. There are diamonds—single and in clusters—which blaze like stars; valuable rubies, some of them more costly than the diamonds; rare and beautiful pearls, sapphires, emeralds, topazes, opals, carbuncles, and numerous others. Women who adore jewels, but cannot have them, look longingly into these windows, and they marvel how it comes to pass that they are for sale in these tottering old structures. But these glittering and glinting ornaments represent only the smallest fraction of the beautiful and costly stones that are stored in the rookeries. Yet, on going up the old stairway and entering the department of a diamond jobber, you would not believe that any great business was done there. All there is to be seen is a safe and two, three, or four or more clerks, according to the extent of the business done. A railing separates the customer from the inner part. Nowhere about is there any trace of a jewel to be seen. Yet in the large safe beyond in the room, with all its appliances for alarm, are stored hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of precious stones, etc. In each safe is a number of boxes; each box, as a rule, being subdivided, so that stones of like value can be kept together. The number of carats, the purity of the color, and the cutting of a diamond, of course, constitute its value. In olden times, in fact not so many years ago, many "shallow" stones were worn. The shallow stone lacked the flashing quality, and the shop-girl who earns $5 a week would rather wear a piece of paste, which she can get on the Bowery for a dollar, than a flat, ill-cut diamond for $35 to $40. So at least said a prominent jobber in the Lane to the writer.

Firm after firm is to be found in these old houses, some of them making small gains, many laying up fortunes. Yet the business is one of the most silent and quiet in the world. There is no bustle; diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, topazes, emeralds, and a score of other precious stones are jobbed from these dingy rooms. Sometimes the retailer comes and makes his purchase; sometimes they are taken on "the road" by travelling salesmen.

"I suppose a large diamond dealer," I said, "has to use much caution as to who handles the stones?"

"There is no branch of finance or merchandise," was the reply, "where such watchfulness is needed. Just imagine the amount of confidence we are obliged to repose in a man whom we send out on the road with selections from all the valuable stones and rings that we possess? Imagine, too, how prudent such a salesman must be. He can no more disclose the business that he is doing than a detective can proclaim his mission. Why, no man known to have thousands of dollars' worth of precious stones in his grip-sack would be safe. You are aware that many a murder has been committed all because the traveller revealed the nature of his business. It is not so many years ago, but it was before our present net-work of railways had been established, that at least two cases of robbery occurred in the late evening, in silent parts of the wood, as the diamond agent was being driven along in a buggy." Many a salesman leaves the Lane with not less than $30,000 worth of jewels and jewelry in his grip-sack.

The same quiet that prevails in the rooms where the jewelry business is done is also the rule in the Lane. The stranger might well imagine that all these houses were deserted above the lower story. Here are no horses and heavy wagons, no huge bales and straining cartmen. Each house sends out its merchandise in a receptacle not so large as a half-size cigar box. The man who carries this small fortune away in his hand is either one of the partners or a trusted clerk, who has grown up in the house since a lad, whose connections are respectable, and whose habits are of the very best. In no other country in the world are there so many diamonds and other jewels worn as in the United States. This is owing to the fact that such an enormous amount of wealth is distributed among so many people.

But as all that glitters is not gold, so, too, is many a stone which glitters from a maiden's ear like a dew-drop nothing but paste. And these imitations are worn by women of fashion and wealth as well as by shop-girls and seamstresses. Numbers of wealthy women keep their diamonds in safes, and wear paste set in imitation of the real stones at public places and at parties. When Sarah Bernhardt's jewels were sold at the Hôtel Druot for about 800,000 francs, the great actress at once solaced herself by purchasing *pierres d'imitation*, paying for them 120,000 francs.

Some dealers in the Lane import an enormous quantity of these imitation stones, jobbing them by the thousand everywhere through the country. Some of these stones are called paste, and others Rhine-stones, or Rhein-kiesel, but there is practically no such stone in commerce as the Rhine-stone. Said a large importer of imitations: "Some fine crystals come here; they are cut out of a superior quartz found in Switzerland, in the Jura, and through Bohemia. They look as well as the genuine by night, and it takes an expert to detect them. Moreover, these stones wear well. The Germans tried to cut their own quartz as the French did, but the crystal was full of flaws. Then they, as well as jewellers in France and England, constructed a paste of glass and lead. Hundreds of thousands of the latter flash every day in the ears of young women in necklaces, brooches, and hair combs. The composition or paste does not wear. The keen outline of the angles is soon lost, and everybody can recognize the imposition."

Diamond cutting in the Lane is not carried on to a large extent. Most of the stones come finished from London, Antwerp, and Amsterdam. A member of a large cutting house in the Lane said, "Cutting doesn't really pay here; we are obliged to pay a very high price for experts in cutting."

"But doesn't the duty protect you?" I asked.

"It doesn't for the simple reason that an enormous number of diamonds, as well as other precious stones, are smuggled. Of all valuable things, precious stones are the easiest to smuggle. I know some of the devices," and he explained them. Some diamond buyers have walked ashore with their large brier pipes half filled with diamonds, and tobacco partly burned on the top; some conceal them between the lining and the crown of their derby hats. It is known that some hide them in the heavy cotton wadding used for padding the shoulders of their overcoats. "I actually know of one man," continued my informant, "who walked ashore with about a thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and rubies in his mouth." There are scores of other devices for smuggling.

Diamond cutting is slow work, and it has taken sometimes from a year to eighteen months to cut a very valuable diamond. The most flawless and beautiful stones used to come from Brazil and Ceylon, but these mines are impoverished, and now diamond dealers turn to the Cape. Latterly, diamonds have increased enormously in price, owing to the great diamond trust formed at the Cape. This De Beers syndicate controls twenty-nine-thirtieths of the traffic. There was a late advance of ten per cent., and the price is still going up.

EDMUND COLLINS.

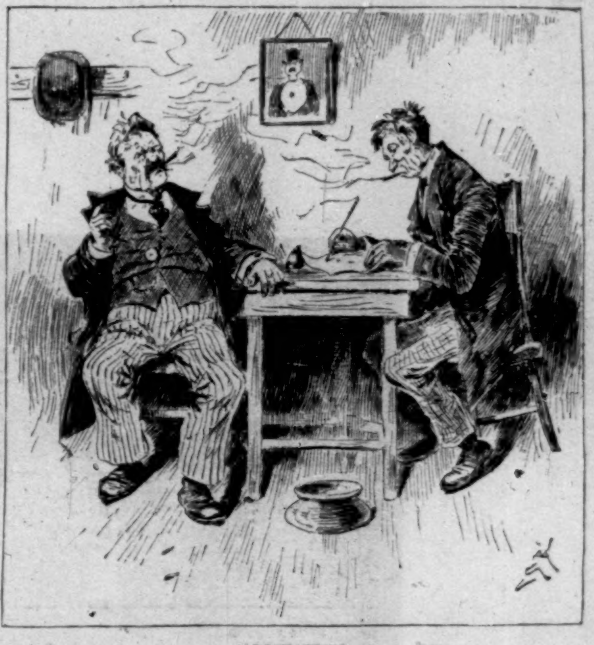
OLD MASTER AND OLD SERVANT.

IT is now nearly a quarter of a century ago since the last vestiges of slavery were swept away from the United States with the surrender of the South at Appomattox. The great changes in social and industrial life have been such as to make it very difficult for the younger generation to grasp the conditions of the old era, and difficult indeed for the elders to recall them vividly. Evil is not all evil nor good all good in human affairs, and slavery, with its wickedness and abuses, had much in its practice to appeal very tenderly to the imagination and the affections. In spite of the whips and the chains hanging in the background, there was a play of rich humanity in many if not most cases in the relation of master and servant; and the evil of human bondage was softened if not covered by the familiar needs of household life. This was a side of slavery which the Southern man made the most of in his special pleading, and which the Northern man utterly ignored in his indictment. It is indeed quite touching even to-day to hear the expressions of tender affection with which gray-haired people will refer to the old "daddy" and "mammy" of their childish days.

It was at this season of the year, from Christmas to Twelfth-night, that plantation life was decked with its kindliest aspects. The long festival was made much more of than at the North. All that was harsh and austere for the time dropped out of life. The negro, passionately fond of pleasure and quickly susceptible to kindness, was as happy as the day was long. His tasks were made as light as possible, and the fiddle and the banjo could be heard strumming all night in the servants' quarters. The darky must have made a very bad record during the year who was not loaded down with presents from all the members of "mas'r's" family up at the big house. That house indeed was generally thrown open once during the happy season for a grand ball given to the colored people. The women, dressed in flaming calicoes and bandannas more gorgeous than the colors of the tulip, felt themselves more important than "mas'r" and "missis," and the men enjoyed the jig, hornpipe, and break-down none the less that their cowhide boots made the very rafters shake.

All this is changed now. With the responsibilities of freedom have come its sadness and worry. The mirth and light-heartedness of the colored people have to a great extent departed. The conditions which made it possible for the master to treat the servant with easy and affectionate kindness have ceased. The freeman stands to his employer in the hard, practical relation of the wage-receiver. The new generation of colored people grown up since the war inevitably feel a half-sullen discontent with that necessity which makes the political equal in law the inferior in fact, alike politically and socially. The race question begins to take on a phase certainly curious, and not altogether without an element of alarm. It is the older element of the negro population in the South which has so far kept this feeling in abeyance.

Between the old master and the old servant the memory of the olden time still knits a strong and affectionate tie. This relation is forcibly expressed in our illustration. The former master of a hundred slaves may be poor and fallen on miserable days, but the black retainer, who once waited on his table or worked in his fields, cannot forget the ancient times. The title "mas'r" still leaps to the lips, and we can fancy a sentiment of deep respect and subservience which all the intervening years of freedom have not quenched. The cordial friendship of the master for his quondam slave, and his unfailing kindness in time of need, have been familiarly shown in too many instances to be doubted. Many a touching story of the strength of the ancient bond has crept into the newspapers. Much as political extremists may be inclined to scoff at such a relation, it is a beautiful and eloquent witness of the power of early association, and points to the fact that, with all the evil of the slavery system, it was warmed with much of the milk of human kindness.



A DICTATION

"Have yez writ down, 'To the Honerable Boord av Aldermin'?"

"Yis."

"Ph'well! jist write—'Sence your constit-chuents have raycintly discovered—that the City—av New Yorruk—gets its name from—an Englishman—we paytition that—the Y in Yorruk be scratched out—an' a big C—sub-sti-chu-tid.'"

VESUVIUS FROM CAPRI.

THE traveller in Europe meets with a no more charming view than that presented by the Bay of Naples and its shores as seen from Capri. A picture of a number of tourists, with their faces turned toward the important section of it that includes Mount Vesuvius, is printed in the present issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. No less an authority than the *Encyclopædia Britannica* advances the statement that "no other place in the world combines within the same compass so much natural beauty with so many objects of interest to the antiquary, the historian, and the geologist as the Bay of Naples."

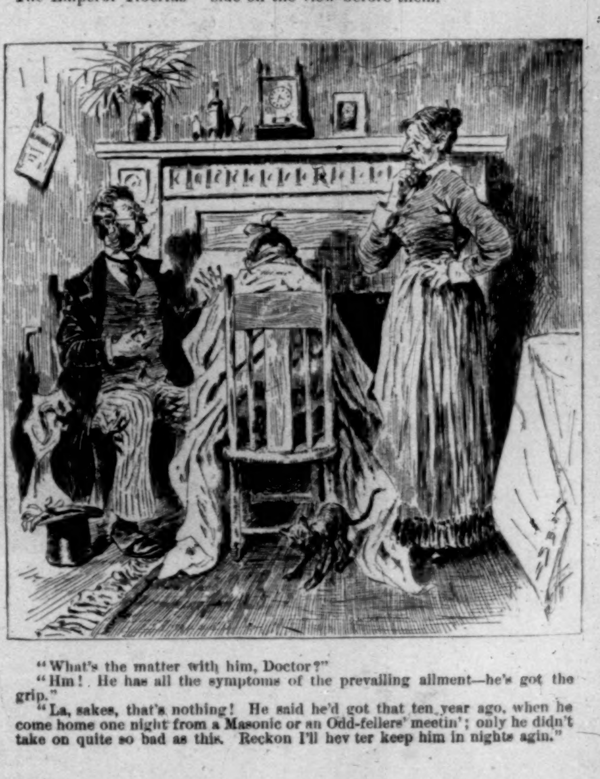
The island of Capri is a mass of limestone rock which rises abruptly on all sides from the sea to heights varying from eight hundred to fifteen hundred feet. It is nine miles in circumference. It contains much fine scenery, fertile areas, and sustains a population of several thousand people. It was evidently a favorite spot with the wealthy Romans in the time of the empire, and the ruins of baths, aqueducts, villas, and palaces are still extant. The Emperor Tiberius passed the last ten years of his life there. Among its objects of interest are its sea caves, of which the Blue Grotto is the most notable. The steep cliffs of Capri present but two landing-places, and the sides of the rock are ascended by stairs. Fourteen miles to the northwest, straight across the mouth of the bay,

"Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles,"

and the shore circuit, which curves deeply for more than three times the direct distance between these two sentinels of the inlet, forms the unsurpassable panorama, with its blue and glittering foreground. Four miles to the east of Capri rises the promontory of the Punta della Campanella which terminates the high peninsula that is part of the southeastern boundary of the bay. Along the base of this spur of the Apennines are Sorrento, Castellamare, and other villages. On an area of low level land between the range and the base of Mount Vesuvius, which is some fifteen miles across the water from Capri, lie the ruins of Pompeii. In the view here, as Thomas Buchanan Read expresses it:

"Far, vague, and dim
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius's misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands."

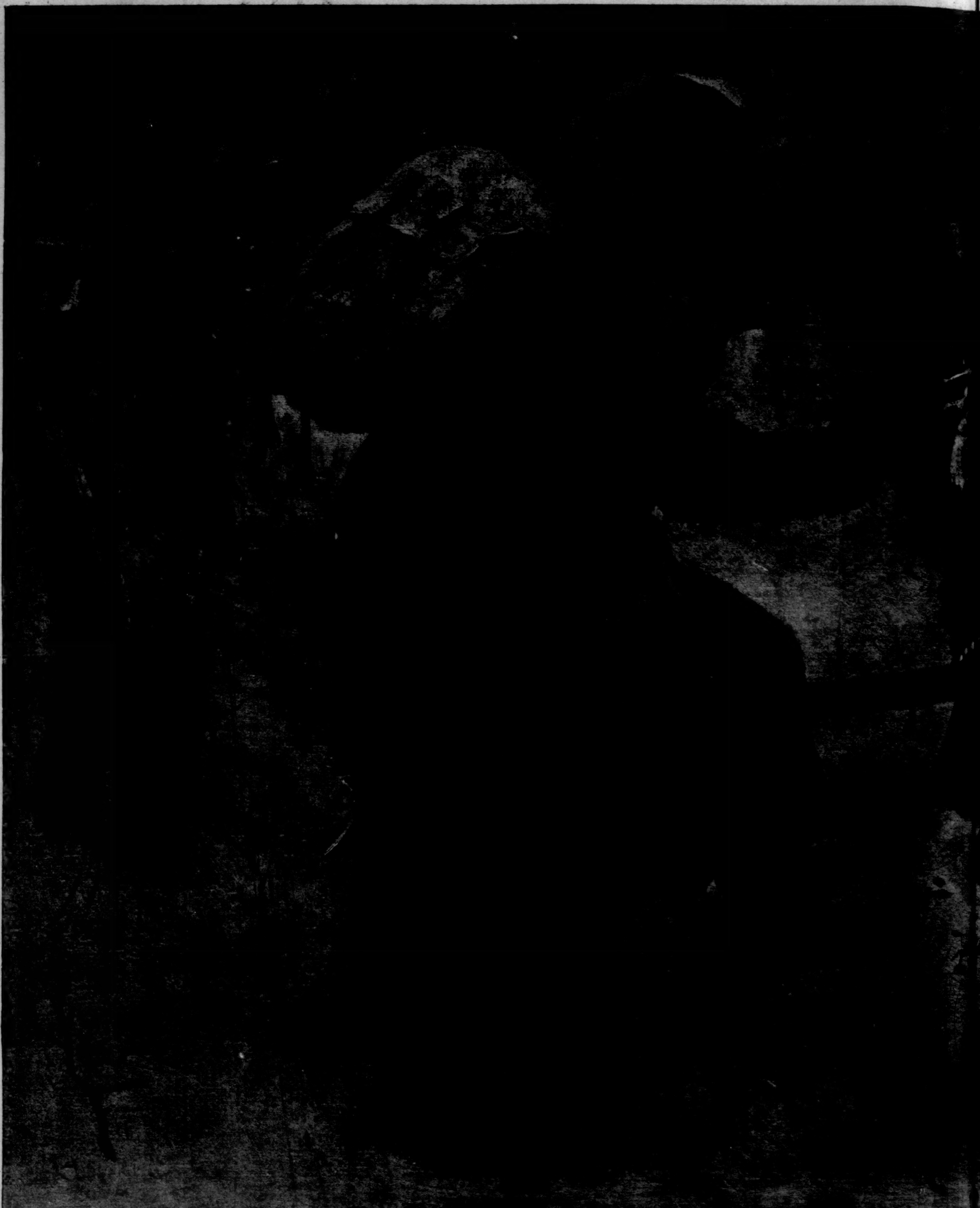
Several miles west of the treacherous mountain and the towns and villages it has buried is Naples, which rises like an amphitheatre from the water-side against a background of hills. Still westward along the shore is the promontory of Posillippo, pierced by its high and broad tunnel, nearly half a mile long, the work perhaps of Marcus Agrippa. At the eastern end of this great subterranean highway is the reputed tomb of Virgil. Further west rise the extinct craters of Solfatara and Astroni. Nestling below them is the ancient city of Pozzuoli, and near by are lakes Lucrine and Avernus, and Monte Nuovo, a hill over four hundred feet high, which was thrown up in two days by volcanic action two hundred and fifty years ago. The immediate region is particularly full both of historical and geological interest. The promontory and port of classic Misenum terminate the bay's northwestern mainland boundary, though the enclosure is continued by the islands of Trocida and Ischia, where the peerless panorama is fitly and finally ended. But in all this scene of varied interest and beauty Vesuvius remains the centre of interest. The smoke that rises from its summit arrests and fascinates the eye, recalling the ruin it has wrought upon the reckless thousands of humanity who have made their homes within the scope of its destructive powers. Here extremes meet, and impressions of the cruel might and of the beauty of nature are singularly blended in the minds of those who gaze from the Caprian cliff-side on the view before them.



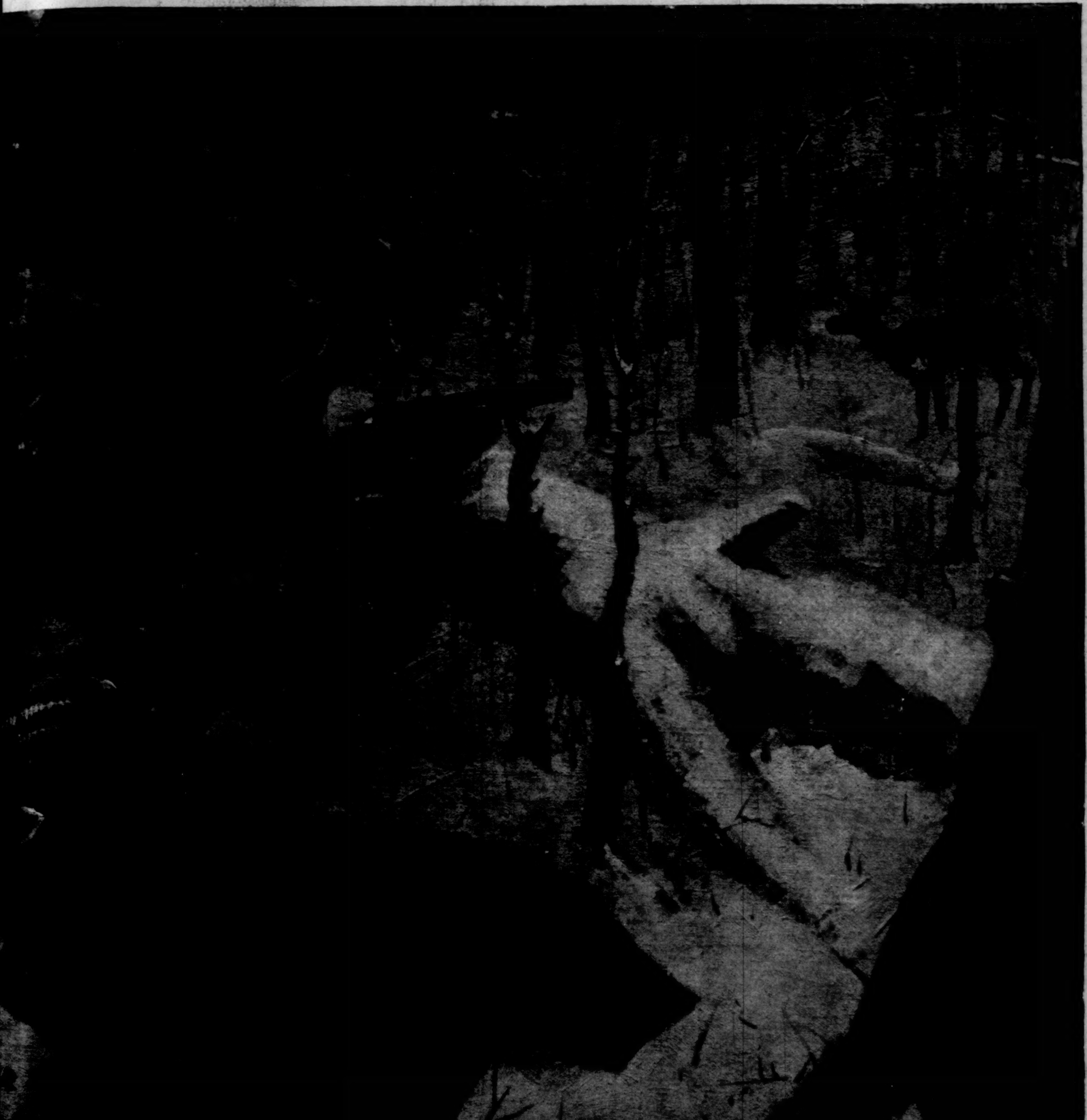
"What's the matter with him, Doctor?"

"Hm! He has all the symptoms of the prevailing ailment—he's got the grip."

"La, sakes, that's nothing! He said he'd got that ten year ago, when he come home one night from a Masonic or an Odd-fellers' meetin'; only he didn't take on quite so bad as this. Reckon I'll hev ter keep him in nights agin."



HUNTING THE CARIBOU—"SHOOT! SHOOT!"—D


FREDERIC REMINGTON.

—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 26.]

"SHOOT! SHOOT!"

BY JULIAN RALPH.

BETWEEN his teeth, in a hoarse whisper, the Indian in Mr. Frederic Remington's bold, strong picture on our double page is giving that urgent advice to the white hunter who has employed him as guide. There is a precise moment for shooting in the chase of all animals of the deer kind, and when that moment has been allowed to pass, the chance of securing the animal diminishes with astonishing rapidity—with more than the rapidity with which the then startled animal is making his flight, because to his flight you must add the increasing ambush of the forest. It is caribou that these men are hunting, and what is true of caribou in this respect is true of moose and red deer, elk and musk-ox in America, and of all the horned animals of the forests of the other great hemisphere. Every hunter who sees Mr. Remington's realistic picture knows at a glance that the two men have stolen noiselessly to within easy rifle-shot of a caribou, and that suddenly, at the last moment, the animal has heard them.

Perhaps he has seen them, and is standing—still as a Barye bronze—with his great, soft, wondering eyes riveted upon theirs. That is a situation familiar to every hunter. His prey has been browsing in fancied security, and yet with that nervous prudence that causes these timid beasts to keep forever raising their heads, and sweeping the view around them with their exquisite sight, and analyzing the atmosphere with their magical sense of smell. In one of these cautious pauses the caribou has seen the hunters. Both hunters and hunted seem instantly to turn to stone. Neither moves a muscle or a hair. If the knee or the foot of one of the men presses too hard upon a twig and it snaps, the caribou is as certain to throw his head high up and dart into the engulfing net-work of the forest trunks and brush as day is certain to follow night. But when no movement has been made and no mishap has alarmed the beast, it has often happened that the two or more parties to this strangely thrilling situation have held their places for minutes at a stretch—minutes that seemed like quarters of an hour. In such cases the deer or caribou has been known to lower his head and feed again, assured in its mind that the suspected hunter is inanimate and harmless. Nine times in ten, though, the first to move is the beast, which tosses up its head, and "Shoot! shoot!" is the instant command, for the upward throwing of the head is a movement made to put the beast's great antlers into position for flight through the forest.

The caribou has very wide, heavy horns, and they are almost always circular—that is, the main part or trunk of each horn curves outward from the skull and then inward toward the point, in an almost true semicircle. They are more or less branched, but both the general shape of the whole horns and of the branches is such that when the head is thrown up and back they aid the animal's flight by presenting what may be called the point of a wedge toward the saplings and limbs and small forest growths through which the beast runs, parting and spreading every pair of obstacles to either side, and bending every single one out of the way of his flying body. The caribou of North America is the reindeer of Greenland; the differences between the two are very slight. The animal's home is the arctic circle, but in America it feeds and roams farther south than in Europe and Asia. It is a large and clumsy-looking beast, with thick and rather short legs and bulky body, and, seen in repose, gives no hint of its capacity for flight. Yet the caribou can run "like a streak of wind," and makes its way through leaves and brush and brittle, sapless vegetation with a modicum of noise so slight as to seem inexplicable. Nature has ingeniously added to its armament, always one, and usually two, palmated spurs at the root of its horns, and these grow at an obtuse angle with the head, upward and outward toward the nose. With these spurs—like shovels used sideways—the caribou roots up the snow, or breaks its crust and disperses it, to get at his food on the ground. The caribou are very large deer, and their strength is attested by the weight of their horns. I have handled caribou horns in Canada that I could not hold out with both hands when seated in a chair. It seemed hard to believe that an animal of the size of a caribou could carry a burden apparently so disproportioned to his head and neck. But it is still more difficult to believe, as all the woodsmen say, that these horns are dropped and new ones grown every year.

It is not the especial beauty of Frederic Remington's drawings and paintings that they are absolutely accurate in every detail, but it is one of their beauties, and gives them especial value apart from their artistic excellence. He draws what he knows, and he knows what he draws. This scene of the electrically exquisite moment in a hunter's life, when great game is before him, and the instant has come for claiming it as his own with a steadily held and wisely chosen aim, will give the reader a perfect knowledge of how the Indians and hunters dress and equip themselves beyond the Canadian border. The scene is in the wilderness north of the Great Lakes. The Indian is of one of those tribes that are offshoots of the great Algonquin nation. He carries in that load he bears that which the plainsmen call "the grub stake," or quota of provisions for himself and his employer, as well as blankets to sleep in, pots, pans, sugar, the inevitable tea of those latitudes, and much else besides. Those Indians are not as lazy or as physically degenerate as many of the tribes in our country. They turn themselves into wonderful beasts of burden, and go forever equipped with a long broad strap that they call a "tomp line," and which they pass around their foreheads and around their packs, the latter resting high up on their backs. It seems incredible, but they can carry 100 to 150 pounds of necessaries all day long in the roughest regions. The Hudson Bay Company made their ancestors its wards and dependents 220 years ago, and taught them to work and to earn their livelihood.

TAKING THE ELEVENTH CENSUS.

BY HON. J. K. UPTON, FORMERLY ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

EVERY decade the country takes a census of its population. As the first one was taken in 1790, the eleventh will be taken in 1890, and being the centennial census, it will prove of more than ordinary interest. It will also be the greatest census ever taken in the history of the world. Since the last one was taken (that of 1880) the country has so largely increased not only in the number of its inhabitants, but in its wealth and the variety and extent of its industries, that the census of this year will far exceed in magnitude any preceding it. With one exception it will be greater than any ever taken of a foreign country; for though this country has had a political existence of only a century, so rapid has been its development that in its population it is now exceeded only by India, China, and Russia. Only in the first-mentioned of these nations is a census ever taken.

The original purpose of the census in this republic was to determine the population of each State as a basis for representation in Congress, and the schedules of the first census, carefully preserved in the archives of the Department of the Interior, give but scanty information, except as to the number and race of persons enumerated, and there is plenty of evidence that even the inquiries as to number were not very exhaustive. The whole expense of the census was less than $25,000, or an average of about $2000 to a State, and this of itself would indicate that no very thorough work could have been done. The published report made a volume of only fifty-two pages, the population being tabulated only by race and age.

The census served its purpose, however; but as the time approached for taking the second one a suggestion was offered in Congress that in the enumeration of the inhabitants about to be made inquiry should at the same time be made as to the social and material condition of the country. The suggestion, however, met with but little favor. So jealous was Congress of the power of the central government that it would tolerate no Federal officer within the sacred precincts of a State armed with a schedule, and inquiring how many bushels of potatoes, corn, and wheat had been raised the previous year; and so, unfortunately, the schedules of the second census (1800) are as barren as those of the first.

In the census of 1810, however, a few inquiries as to social condition were made, but the information gleaned not being complete, it has not been deemed of much value. As a step toward a more complete census, however, it proved of great importance, and in each succeeding decade the scope of inquiries was enlarged, until in 1830 there was brought together no little information concerning the resources of the country and the social condition of the people. Not until 1850 was there anything like a complete census taken. Previous to that time, even in the matter of population, the names of heads of families only had been entered upon the schedules, but in taking this census the name of every man, woman, and child was entered in full, and record made of his or her age, occupation, place of nativity, whether married or single, deaf, dumb, blind, insane, or idiotic. There also appears in great detail the value of farms and farm products, of the manufacturing industries, of the ships and shipping trade, and the financial condition of the towns, cities, and counties, together with full information as to free and other schools and the expenses of their maintenance.

Never had there been brought together such an amount of exact and detailed information concerning a country of such a size as was contained in the schedules of that census. The volumes of the Domesday-Book, containing similar though less complete information of England upon the accession to the throne of William of Normandy, are preserved in glass cases in the British Museum as among the most cherished treasures of the realm. Who can foresee with what interest our descendants a thousand years from now will scan these census schedules for a record of their primitive ancestors? Every census since 1850 has been taken under the authority and direction of the census act of that year, with but little modification or extension of its provisions.

The preparations for taking the eleventh census are now well under way. The census of a country has been aptly spoken of as a photograph of its social and economic conditions. The analogy is not only in the picture obtained, but in the method of obtaining it. The enumeration in the census corresponds to the exposure of the plate in photography, and the tabulation to the development of the picture taken. The first great work of the census (the enumeration) must necessarily be done in the field. For this purpose the country is being divided into 175 districts, as nearly of the same size as practicable, reference being had to State lines. In each of these districts the President will this winter appoint a person as supervisor, and this officer will divide his district into subdivisions, each to contain not more than 4000 inhabitants, as shown by the last census, and will designate a suitable man therein as enumerator. Upon the faithful work of this officer will largely depend the value of the census. In due time he will be furnished by the Census Office with a book of about thirty pages, containing full information as to the duties he is to perform, and also with various schedules, which he is expected to fill out properly, and that without any omission or evasion.

The inquiries of his schedules are of the same character as those mentioned of the census act of 1850, but more in detail, and in addition thereto he is required, among other things, to enter upon a special schedule the names of all men who during the civil war belonged to the army, navy, or the marine corps, and of the widows and minor children of such soldiers, sailors, or marines. Hardly an outline of the inquiries can be given, so varied and numerous are they. By the time the enumerator has read them, and has digested the contents of his book of instructions, the first Monday in June will have come, and he must then start to visit personally every house in his district. To the racking anxiety of mind which the reading of his schedules and book is likely to produce, there will now be added the fear of the farmers' dogs and the discomforts of the heat and dust as he tramps through the long June days. But having put his hand to the plough he cannot turn back, or even take a rest, unless he is willing to sacrifice the compensation he has already earned and pay a fine of $500. Except in case of sickness, he must have his work done and the schedules all filled out and in the hands of the supervisor on or before the first day of July, and this officer will forward them to the Census Office as soon as he is satisfied of their correctness, and the first great work of taking the census will be completed, and the curtain will fall over the camera.

The schedules received from the enumerators will give more or less definite information concerning every person residing in the United States, and will set forth in detail complete information as to the crops the farmer has raised and the output of all manufacturing establishments during the census year, with the amount of capital invested in these enterprises; the rates of wages paid for service; the number of schools, colleges, and libraries; charitable, reformatory, and penal institutions, and cost of maintaining them; but the information, to be of any value, must first be developed by a process of tabulation, and this—the second part of the work of taking the census—will be done in the office at Washington.

Naturally the ascertaining of the population of the country by States and minor political divisions will first engage attention, and this can be done by simply counting the number of persons named in the schedules, regardless of race, color, sex, age, or nativity, as for representative purposes every person in a State now counts one, excepting a few Indians not taxed. The classification of the population in accordance with some well-defined grouping of facts will follow. For this purpose some well-known political division—as township, or county, or perhaps the enumerator's district—will be taken as a unit of area. The schedules for that section will be brought together, and the desired information will be tabulated by a certain division of the office. Thus there may first be shown the number on the schedule of each sex, and the number of each race, as whites, blacks, mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons, Chinese, Japanese, and Indians. The grouping once settled upon, the tally clerks will take up the schedules, and going carefully over them will jot down the numbers by tally marks on sheets of paper in the columns headed for the information desired. When the schedules are finished the tallies under each heading will be counted, and the clerk in charge will forward the results to another division of the office, where they will be combined with similar ones of other sections, until the entire country is completed. Then the tally clerks go over their schedules again, and jot down another grouping of facts; perhaps this time the civil condition, showing the number of single, married, widowed, and divorced persons. This done, the same might follow concerning the colored and other races; then there will be groupings according to nativities, occupations, ages, illiteracy, etc. Then all the agricultural and manufactured products must be grouped and combined. Whatever may be the grouping desired, however, the schedules must in every case be gone over, the information jotted down on tally sheets, and results summarized and combined as in the first instance. The superintendent can, however, at his discretion, withhold from the enumerators certain schedules of mining products, recorded indebtedness, fisheries and other industries, and place them in the hands of persons specially qualified to make such inquiries as he may deem best; but no labor will be saved thereby in the enumeration, and the methods of tabulation will be the same in any case.

The results of the tabulation will eventually be published, and will probably be embraced in about twenty-five volumes. These will constitute the reports of the eleventh census, and will be the picture of the condition of the country developed from the enumerators' schedules. These schedules will then be bound, and filed away with those of every previous census, and the work of taking the eleventh census will be completed. Few persons not connected with the taking of the census can have any idea of the magnitude of the work involved. It is estimated that the population of the country will number about 65,000,000. If the names of that number of persons are entered one above another on lines half an inch apart, the schedule of them would extend 500 miles. To do the enumerating there will be required 40,000 officers; and if each one works a month, the labor will be equivalent to that of one man for 3333 years.

The central office prepares and sends out various schedules and instructions, but its great work is the tabulating of the enumerators' returns. In compiling the tenth census it took 1500 persons two years to complete the work, and then much important material was left untouched for want of time. The tabulating work of the coming census will naturally be greater than that of 1880. The population of itself will probably be twenty-five per cent. greater than in 1880, and, other things being equal, the work of tabulation increases at a greater ratio than that of the population. Then the returns of the surviving soldiers, sailors, and marines of the civil war, and the widows and orphans of those who have died, will fill a large quarto volume of themselves; and to make the volume of any use the names must be grouped alphabetically, and, if men, by the company or regiment in which each served.

This work is all additional, and will of itself involve a vast amount of labor, but with the increasing agitation for additional pension legislation, the work will prove of more value than its probable expense at the highest estimate. Taking the increase in population and the new labors imposed, it will probably take 2000 persons two years to complete the tabulation. The magnitude of the office work will, however, largely depend upon the discretion of the superintendent, as the groupings and comparisons which can be made from the schedules have practically no limit. The classifications of "occupations" alone can be made few or many as may be deemed best. In the tenth census they were tabulated under 265 heads. In the census of England in 1881 the occupations of that country were tabulated under 399, and in a recent census of Germany those of that country under 153 heads. But in the census of the State of Massachusetts of 1885 there are shown in that commonwealth more than 20,000 occupations. To the extent to which the classification was carried is probably due items like these:

Peddlers of horseradish	1
Peddlers of horseradish and hulled corn	1
Peddlers of hulled corn	1
Retired sausage merchant	1

As comparisons of groups of population are usually made with principal occupations, the labor of tabulating can be increased or diminished at the will of the superintendent, and what is true in this instance will apply in all other classifications and groupings of facts.

No method of tabulating other than by going over the schedules and jotting down on tally sheets the information desired has ever proved entirely satisfactory. In some cases cards have been used for tabulating. The facts to be grouped were noted on them, and the cards then distributed or filed according to the grouping desired. Should this method be employed in tabulating the next census, it is estimated that the number of cards required, piled singly, would make a stack ten miles high, weighing about 450 tons, and if the cards should be misplaced, endless confusion would result.

There is also suggested a plan of tabulating by electrical appliances. For that purpose a machine has been invented which can read and count, but, like a good clerk, does not talk. The facts to be tabulated are written on cards in an alphabet made up of holes punched through the pasteboard, each hole representing a fact, to be grouped and added. Thus a card may be made to read "White Male," "Aged between 30 and 40," "Farmer," "Born in United States," "Parents Foreigners," "Married," and when such a card is put into the machine, little needles come down, and those that can pass through the card close electrical circuits, causing the hands of the connecting dials to move forward respectively one point, thus registering the facts set forth in the cards. Once adjusted the dial can record no other fact if the card is properly punched. Should the machine work as claimed by the inventor, considerable labor of tabulation may be saved by its use.

To pay for the expense of taking the census Congress has appropriated $6,400,000, exclusive of the expense of printing. Similar work of the tenth census cost over $5,000,000. But by law considerable expense must be incurred in taking the eleventh census in addition to the unavoidable increase through the growth of the country. The enumerators have increased compensation, as follows:

	1890. Cents.	1880. Cents.
For each inhabitant enumerated	2	2
For each death recorded	2	2
For each form returned	15	10
For each industry reported	20	15
For each soldier, sailor, etc.	5	..

Then the additional data required to be tabulated will add not a little to the cost, and it is doubtful whether the amount appropriated will be sufficient. Certainly it will not if the information furnished by the schedules is compiled with the fulness and completeness it deserves.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL MARITIME CODE.

THE International Maritime Conference has finished its work on the regulations for preventing collision at sea, and henceforward the commander of a vessel, instead of having to rely on a single blast of his steam-whistle to indicate the course he is steering, will be aided by a carefully constructed system of sound signals, which, if faithfully adhered to, cannot fail to reduce the chances of disaster. The new code of thirty-one articles prescribes an improved system of range lights and sound signals, to be used by night and in fog by vessels of every description; the scope of many of the old regulations included under the "Rule of the Road" has been enlarged by the addition of many minute particulars; and many valuable changes have been introduced into the regulations relating to the management of vessels in fog, which it is hoped will be of use to the sailor against the most dreaded and treacherous of all his enemies. The captains of the chief steam-ships on the Atlantic are almost unanimously in favor of fast ships, and the conference, evidently recognizing this, has prescribed no more stringent rule in reference to the rate of speed in foggy weather than the following:

"Every vessel shall, in a fog, mist, falling snow, or heavy rain-storm, go at a moderate speed, having careful regard to the existing circumstances and conditions."

"A steam-vessel hearing, apparently forward of her beam, the fog signal of a vessel, the position of which is not ascertained, shall, so far as the circumstances of the case admit, stop her engines, and then navigate with caution until danger of collision is over."

The first change made by the conference in the regulations is in regard to the light to be carried in front of the foremast. The amendment provides that this light, regardless of the breadth of the vessel, shall not be required to be carried over forty feet above the hull; and in the case of a steam-vessel under way, it must be supplemented by another white light, these two lights being "so placed in line with the keel that one shall be at least fifteen feet higher than the other, and in such a position with reference to the other that the lower light shall be forward of the upper one. The vertical distance between these lights shall be less than the horizontal distance." Then there are minute regulations in regard to lights for towing steamers, for small vessels of all kinds, for vessels "not under command"—that is, vessels unable to get out of the way of an approaching vessel through inability to manœuvre according to these rules—which are too numerous and intricate to be of interest to the general reader; but it may be well to instance the regulation that "a vessel which from any accident is not under command shall by day carry in a vertical line, one over the other, not less than six feet apart, where they can best be seen, two black balls or shapes, each two feet in diameter"; while a "steam-vessel proceeding under sail only, but having her funnel up, shall carry in the daytime, forward," one such shape. An entirely new rule provides that steam-vessels of less than forty tons, and vessels under oars or sails of less than twenty tons gross, respectively, when under way, shall not be obliged to carry the foremast, starboard, and port lights required of large vessels, but if they do not carry them they shall be provided with the following lights: "Steam-vessels of less than forty tons shall carry in the forepart of the vessel, or on or in front of the funnel, where it can be seen, and at a height above the gunwale of not less than nine feet, a bright white light, to be visible at least two miles; green and red side-lights, constructed and fixed as side-lights of large vessels, to be visible at least one mile; or a combined lantern showing a green light and a red light from right ahead to two points abaft the beam on their respective sides, to be carried not less than three feet below the white light." As regards still smaller vessels, the following regulation is interesting: "Vessels under oars or sails, of less than twenty tons, shall have ready at hand a lantern with a green glass on one side and a red glass on the other, which, on the approach of or to other vessels, shall be exhibited in sufficient time to prevent collision."

Additional paragraphs are added to the old article concerning lights for pilot vessels; and the regulations concerning fishing vessels and open boats will hereafter be of general application, and will not, as now, apply only to fishing vessels off the coast of Europe and north of Cape Finisterre. The following regulation may be of interest to the gay and festive young men who make believe to go a-fishing in the summer season: "Sailing vessels under way shall keep out of the way of sailing vessels or boats fishing with nets, or lines, or trawls;" but "this rule shall not give to any vessel or boat engaged in fishing the right of obstructing a fair-way used by vessels other than fishing vessels or boats."

But the most important part of the existing rules of the road relates to the conduct of a ship in foggy weather, and the conference has made so many changes in the regulations bearing on this, that it is difficult to give an idea of the work done without quoting the articles in full. Briefly analyzed, its treatment of this most difficult question may be described as follows: the word "vessel" is now substituted throughout the regulations for the old word "ship"; and a vessel, steam-ship, or sailing vessel is dealt with in three possible situations, viz., under way, at anchor, and "not under command." If a steam-ship under way, she gives her fog signals on a steam-whistle or siren; if a sailing vessel under way, on a fog-horn; while in each case this instrument must be supplemented by an efficient bell, to be used when at anchor. Upon these simple data has been built up a complete system of sound signals for each point of the compass and for every conceivable contingency—a sort of permutation and combination of blasts, short or prolonged, from one to four in number, followed or not by the ringing of the bell—so that one might well think that all risk of collision should be averted by the proper use of these signals, as far as human ingenuity can attain to so desirable a consummation. There is no doubt that the conference has done this part of its work with admirable patience, forethought, and skill. Numerous as the directions of the new code are, they are all clearly enough expressed to be grasped by a sailor of ordinary intelligence, and any one with a little knowledge of sea affairs who studies them carefully will doubtless confess that they seem wonderfully adjusted to the contingencies considered. The great difficulty will always be to get men to do the right thing at the right moment. It is necessary to see the thing to be done, and to do it at once. There will always be nervous, or careless, or ignorant people on sea as on land; and though it is to be hoped that the new code will minimize the risk of collision at sea, collisions will continue to happen through the nervousness which causes fatal hesitation, through carelessness or bad lookout, just in the same way that vessels will continue to be wrecked or stranded from the same causes.

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

VII.—THE FIGHT IN THE CAÑON.

As we fled along the valley, and in a few moments heard the sound of the Indians pursuing us, my mind was chiefly occupied with considerations of the quality which we denominate fear. I perceived that this purely occasional passion had a direct bearing upon my own especial science of archæology. I reflected that had I been engaged in building a city at the moment when that irritating flight of arrows fell amongst us—the sting of one of which I still felt smarting upon my forehead—I should assuredly have ceased at once the building of that city, and should have moved rapidly away. And thus an excellently well-built city, that would have delighted archæologists of the future, would have been lost to the world. Putting the matter yet more closely: here I had just found the sign for which I and my companions had been toilsomely searching for a considerable time; the sign which unquestionably would lead us to the most interesting archæological discovery that ever had been made. And yet, instead of stopping to study this sign earnestly, that I might understand all the meaning of it, I was hastening away from it with all possible speed; and for no better reason than that certain barbarians, whose knowledge of archæology was not even rudimentary, were pursuing me that they might take my life—an imperfectly expressed concept, by-the-way; for life can be taken only in the limited sense of depriving another of it; it cannot be taken in the full sense of deprivation and acquisition combined. These several reflections so stirred my bile against the Indians in pursuit of us that I began to have a curiously blood-thirsty longing for our actual battling with them to begin; for I was possessed by a most unscientific longing to balance our account by killing several of them. And I confess that this longing was increased as I looked at the dead body of poor Dennis, lying limply across the fore shoulders of Rayburn's horse.

It was with real satisfaction, therefore, that I obeyed Rayburn's order to halt, that we might make ready for the fight to begin. The valley up which we had been riding had narrowed by this time into a strait way shut in between high and nearly perpendicular walls, and the place that Rayburn had chosen for us to make our stand in was the mouth of a cañon setting off from the valley nearly at right angles. The walls of this cañon came almost together above, far overhanging their bases, so that assault from overhead was impossible; some fragments of fallen rock made a natural breastwork for us to fight behind; and a little stream of pure, sweet water flowed at our feet. Had this place been made for us expressly it could not better have suited our purposes; and finding it so opportunely put fresh heart into us. There was not, of course, a shadow of resemblance between the two, but, somehow, I fancied that the place where we stood resembled my old class-room at Ann Arbor; and I actually found myself repeating the opening sentence of the address that I delivered when I was formally inducted into the Chair of Topical Linguistics. I mention this fact not because it is of the slightest importance in this present narrative, but because I think that it well illustrates the tendency toward illogical association that is so curious a characteristic of the human mind.

I was not able to observe this phenomenon attentively, for Rayburn hustled us all about so sharply that I had no available time just then for abstract thought. The mules and the horses and El Sabio were driven into the cañon, and we were ranged behind the fragments of rock almost in a moment. Each man had his Winchester and revolvers in readiness, and a couple of cases of cartridges had been unladen from the packs and put where we all had easy access to them. While this work was going forward we could hear the Indians coming hotly up the valley, and we were barely ready for them when the foremost of their party came in sight.

"Wait a little," said Rayburn, quietly. "They don't know which turn we've taken, and they'll probably get into a bunch to do some talking, and then we can whack away right into the flock."

While we were thus making ready I could see that Fray Antonio was in great distress of mind. He was a very brave man, and I know that his strong desire was to fight with the rest of us. And yet, just as the Indians showed themselves, he deliberately turned his back upon them and walked away into the cañon's depths. His very lips were white, and there were beads of sweat upon his brow, and I saw that his fingers twitched convulsively. I know what he wanted to do, and I saw what he did. If ever a man showed the high bravery of moral courage, Fray Antonio showed it then. Even Young, in whom I did not look for appreciation of bravery of that sort, said afterward that it was the pluckiest thing he ever saw.

As Rayburn had expected, the Indians halted—but keeping more under cover than he had counted upon—and held some sort of a council. But it did not seem, from what we could see of their gestures, to relate to the way that we might have taken so much as to the cañon in which we actually were concealed. They pointed toward the mouth of the cañon repeatedly, and it struck me that in their motions there was a curious indication of dread or awe. One old man was especially vehement in gestures of this unaccountable nature; and when, at last, the younger men in the council seemed to revolt against his orders, this man, and all the older men with him, retired down the valley whence they had come.

The young men, left to themselves, hesitated for a moment, and then with a cry—as though for their own encouragement—came charging toward us in a body. As we got a full view of them we perceived with much satisfaction that their only arms were bows and arrows and long spears, and that there were not more than twenty men in the lot. And then Rayburn gave the order to fire. I confess that my hand so trembled as I pulled the trigger of my rifle that I was not at all surprised to find that the man whom I had fired at—a very tall, powerful young fellow, who seemed to be in command—was not hit; but a man just behind him dropped, and I had a queer feeling in my throat, and certain odd sensations in my stomach, as I realized that I had shot him. Indeed, I was so engrossed with meditations upon the curious ease with which a man's life is let out of him that I quite forgot for some seconds to continue firing. The others, luckily, conducted themselves in a more practical manner; and the little whirlwind of balls which sped from the Winchesters made it wonderful not that so many of the Indians fell dead or wounded as that any of them remained alive and unhurt. But eight of them did survive their charge in the face of the storm of bullets that we pelted at them; and these—headed by the tall fellow, who seemed bullet-proof—came rushing at us over our breastwork of rocks, shouting and flourishing their long spears.

I cannot say very accurately what happened during the next five minutes or so, for one of the Indians came directly at me, and before I could at all stop him—for I found that shooting at him with my revolver did him no harm at all: and this struck me as odd, for I had repeatedly hit the mark while practising in the corral—he had prodded his spear through the fleshy part of my left arm. It hurt, severely. He had aimed his thrust, doubtless, at my heart; and he certainly would have penetrated that vital organ had I not at that moment slipped, and so disarranged his aim. He pulled the spear out of my arm, which action also gave me great pain, and his manner indicated that he was about to thrust it into some other part of me—which he surely could have done, for I was wholly at a loss as to what measures should be taken to assure my own safety. Indeed, I was very well convinced that my life was as good as ended, and a curious flash of thought went through me that I cannot coherently remember, but that was in the nature of a query as to whether or not in a future state the many scientific truths which as yet are but imperfectly understood will be wholly revealed to us.

However, the opportunity that I confidently expected would be given to me in a moment to obtain an answer to this interesting question did not then occur. Just as the Indian was lunging at me—I can see his ugly face now, as I close my eyes and let my thoughts turn backward to that critical moment—there was a flash of some bright object before me, and then the Indian's entire head seemed to shut up suddenly, something like an opera-glass, and he went down to the ground like a stone. As I turned, I saw that my deliverance had come from Pablo, and even in that very exciting moment I observed with astonishment that the weapon with which he had slain the Indian was a great jagged sword—if the *maccuahuitl* can be called a sword—such as the Aztecs used in ancient times. I could not at the moment stop to question him whence he had obtained that very interesting weapon, for there was another Indian already close upon me; and I am pleased to say—for I do not wish the belief to go abroad that scientific men are worse than useless in practical emergencies—that, without assistance from Pablo or from anybody else, I managed to pick up my rifle, and with the heavy iron barrel of that weapon, used clubwise, I mashed the head of that Indian into a perfect pulp. I know positively that I mashed it into a pulp, for I tried afterward to measure it—and found that for craniological purposes it was utterly valueless.

Even had I required Pablo's aid in this encounter he could not possibly have given it to me—for he was himself just then very hotly engaged. Indeed, but for assistance that came to him from an unexpected quarter his life assuredly would have been lost. He was in the act of hauling back to strike at the fellow facing him, and he did not at all know that he was in imminent danger of a thrust in the back from a wounded wretch who, having struggled upon his knees, was using what little life was left in him to deliver yet another blow. Just at this critical instant it was that Fray Antonio dashed into the thick of the fighting and covered Pablo's body with his own against this assault in the rear; so that, as the Indian struck, the knife only cut through the monk's habit and slightly scratched his arm—instead of making a hole between Pablo's shoulder-blades that would have let the life out of him. Young, who was close beside Pablo, saw what was going on, and checked it before further harm was done by turning quickly and shooting off the top of the wounded Indian's head—and then Fray Antonio retired out of the fighting in which, without himself striking a blow, he had taken so gallant a part.

So far as I was concerned, the fight was at an end when I had so cleverly mashed the head of my second assailant. No more Indians came at me, and as I looked around I perceived that this was for the excellent reason that there were no more to come. Two were just advancing on Young—who had them covered with his revolver, and dropped them, one after the other, in less time than is required to tell about it. The only other survivor among the enemy, at least the only one able to keep his feet, was the tall young chief: and he and Rayburn were just finishing the last round of what probably was as fine a fight as ever was fought. They were well matched in size and in weight, and if the Indian was any stronger than Rayburn I can only say that he must have been a most wonderfully strong man. They were fighting on even terms, for the Indian was armed only with a short club, that he held in his left hand—and this left-handed method made him all the more awkward to deal with—while Rayburn, having emptied his revolver, was using as a club its heavy barrel.

As I caught sight of them, the Indian was in the act of springing forward and delivering a tremendous blow; but Rayburn most skilfully parried this blow by throwing out his rifle, still retained in his left hand, in such a manner and with such force that the Indian's arm—at the same time striking and being struck with the iron barrel—was broken just above the wrist. He gave a yell of pain, as he well might; but he was a plucky fellow, and instead of dropping his club he only shifted it to his right hand. He never had a chance to strike again with it; for in that same instant Rayburn swung his revolver at arm's-length through the air and brought it down on his head with a sound so muffled and so hollow that I can liken it only to the staving-in of the head of a full cask. For a moment, while Rayburn drew back to strike again, the Indian's body swayed heavily; and then all his muscles relaxed, and he fell heavily and limply to the ground—while his brains spurted out from the ghastly trench made by that mighty blow from back to front across the entire top of his skull.

VIII.—AFTER THE FIGHT.

Rayburn stood panting for a moment over the Indian's body, and then, having satisfied himself by a look around among our fallen enemies that every one of them was either dead or dying, he stooped down beside the stream to drink from it, and then to bathe an ugly gash in his forehead made by a spear thrust that luckily had glanced aside.

Indeed, we all had wounds or bruises by which we were likely to remember our fight for a good many days to come. In addition to the cut on his forehead, Rayburn had an arm badly bruised by a crack from a club; Young had a cut in the calf of his leg that must have been made by one of the Indians after he had fallen wounded; Fray Antonio had the slight cut in his arm that he received in rescuing Pablo; a blow from a club on my shoulder had completely disabled my left arm, and my head was beginning to ache from the wound in my forehead where the arrow had nipped me; and Pablo, by a square knock-down blow on the head that tumbled him among the rocks, had a bad gash in his cheek and was bruised all over. And yet the very first thing that boy did when the fight was ended—being still dazed, no doubt, by the blow on his head—was to play a bit of "Rory O'More" on his mouth-organ in order to make sure that his beloved "instrumentito" had not been injured by his fall. The sound of this air gave my heart a wrench, as I thought of poor Dennis, whose gallant race with death assuredly had saved all of us from dying without a chance to strike a blow. And both of our Otomí Indians were dead too.

But while we had suffered thus severely we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had inflicted a most signal punishment upon our enemies. Of the whole company that had attacked us—eighteen in number, as we found by counting their bodies—only two remained alive when the fight ended; and these two speedily relieved us of all responsibility concerning them by dying of their wounds. As Young tersely expressed it, we "had given the whole outfit a through bill of lading to Kingdom Come!"

Notwithstanding the pain that I was in, the first thought that came to me after we had achieved peace (by the effective yet somewhat radical process of killing all of our enemies) was concerning the strange weapon with which Pablo had been fighting, and by his prompt use of which in my defence my life had been saved. He had laid it upon a rock—while testing the integrity of his mouth-organ—and as I now carefully examined it I found that my glimpse of it as Pablo had mashed the Indian's head had not deceived me. It truly was a maccuahuitl, the primitive Aztec sword, but very unlike any other specimen of that weapon that I had ever seen. The maccuahuitl, as described by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest and as shown by the Aztec pictures of it preserved in various museums, was a wooden blade from three and a half to four feet long and from four to five inches wide. Along its two edges, like great saw teeth, fragments of obsidian, about three inches long and two inches wide, were inserted, and as these were keenly sharp the weapon was a most ferocious one. The sword that I held in my hand was identical in its essential features with this primitive design; but it was shorter, narrower, and thinner. What was still more extraordinary about it was that, while it seemed to be made of brass, it had the bright glitter of gold and the temper and the elasticity of steel. Being tested by bending, it instantly sprung straight again; and notwithstanding the vigorous use that Pablo had been making of it on the bones of several Indians, the thin edges of the projecting teeth were only nicked a little—as the edge of a steel sword would have been nicked under like circumstances—and not one of these teeth was bent out of place, as assuredly would have been the case had the metal been ordinary brass.

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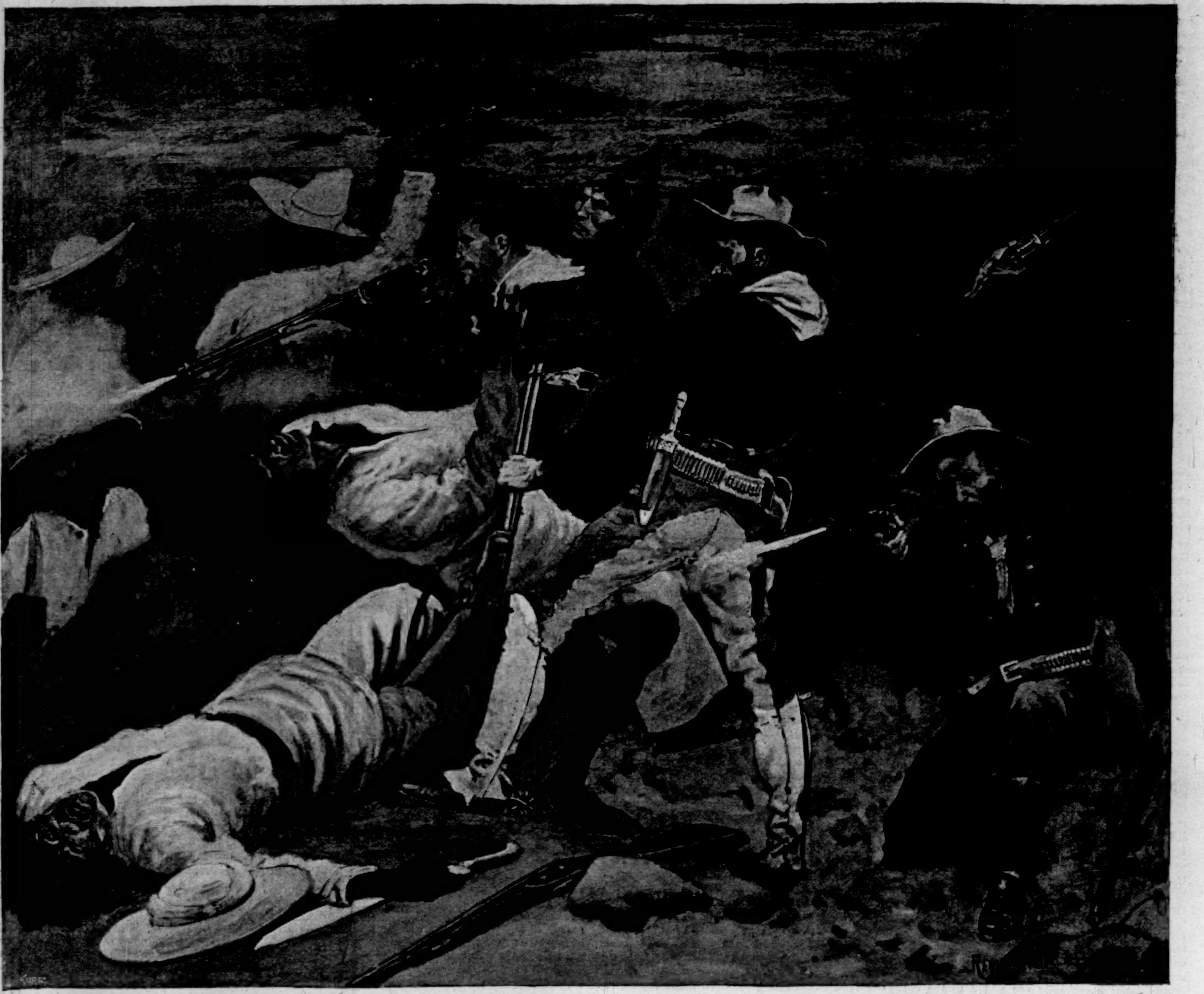
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1722.



THE FIGHT IN THE CAÑON.

Fray Antonio, by this time, had returned to us again—looking rather shamefaced because of the part that he had taken in the fight—and I eagerly showed him this strange weapon that had been so strangely found: for Pablo's account of it was simply that, just as his revolver was emptied upon the Indians charging toward us, when there was no time to reload, his eyes were caught by the glitter of the sword as it stuck in a cleft in the rock; whereupon he most gladly seized it—and instantly used it to good purpose upon the Indian who was so close to ending me with his spear, and subsequently contrived with it to send two more Indians to their account.

Fray Antonio's knowledge of the matter having a wider practical range than mine, for he knew well the contents of the several Mexican museums in which specimens of the primitive weapons are preserved, I thought it possible that he might be able to match this curious maccuahuitl with an account of another like it which he somewhere had seen. That there was no record in the books of this weapon made of metal I knew very well. But Fray Antonio's surprise over it was greater than my own; and he certainly found more in it to please him than I did; for this metal maccuahuitl, supposing it to belong to ancient times, settled in his favor a controversy that for some time past we had been amicably but earnestly carrying on. I had adopted the ingenious theory of my friend Bandelier that the serrated edge of the Aztec sword was accidental; resulting from the breaking away in use of portions of what at first was a continuous edge of obsidian. Fray Antonio, on the other hand, had held firmly to the ordinarily accepted opinion that the sword was such as I have described above (I must confess regretfully) the primitive weapon to have been.

My contention therefore was that the sword that Pablo had found was not an antique; and I fortified my position, as I considered impregnably, by the fact that while the Aztecs, before the Spanish conquest, did make some slight use of copper and gold, they assuredly had no knowledge whatever of either brass or steel. And my natural irritation very well may be imagined, by any one familiar with controversies of this nature, when I add that Fray Antonio endeavored to cut the ground from under me by asserting that, inasmuch as the weapon obviously was not made of brass or steel, my argument was based upon false premises and consequently led to illogical conclusions. I am afraid that I showed a little temper on this occasion; for Fray Antonio manifested a persistence in his defence of what I regarded as his wholly untenable position that amounted to what I held to be downright pig-headedness. And so, for a considerable length of time, we stood there, among the bodies of the dead Indians, and first one of us and then the other handled the sword, and expressed with increasing warmth our views respecting it and each other; and we might have stood there much longer had not Young—with the best of intentions, no doubt, but in a way that certainly was not agreeable—taken upon himself to bring our controversy for the time being to an end.

"I don't exactly know what you and the Padre are jawing about at such a rate, Professor," he struck in; "but as well as I can catch on it's about things which happened three or four hundred years ago. I don't want to interrupt you, of course; but I do want the Padre—he knows something about surgery, as I saw the other day when he took that cactus thorn out of Pablo—to do something to plug up this hole in my leg. It's bleeding a good deal, and it hurts like the very devil. And I guess Rayburn 'd be glad to have that slit in his forehead tied up too."

To do Fray Antonio justice, he took this interruption in better part than I did; for I was deeply interested in the argument in which we were engaged and wished to continue it. But when I explained what Young wanted he turned to him at once, and very tenderly as well as very skilfully dressed his wound; and then bandaged the gash in Rayburn's forehead, and the cut in Pablo's cheek. Pablo decidedly objected to this bandaging, for it put a peremptory stop for a while to his playing on his mouth-organ. For me no surgery was required. Fray Antonio carefully felt my shoulder while he moved my arm—thereby hurting me most horribly—and as the result of his investigations he assured me that the bones were neither broken nor out of place.

Rayburn also examined the maccuahuitl with much interest. "Of course it is not brass," he said, "and of course it cannot possibly be phosphor-bronze. But, if such a thing were a metallurgical possibility, I should say that it was gold—treated in some manner that gives as great a hardness as bronze receives when treated with phosphorus, but with some chemical change wrought in its constitution that gives it also the tempered quality of steel. Only gold, you see," he added, "could lie around out-of-doors this way and not get tarnished by oxidization."

"What's the reason that it's not some queer thing belonging to the folks we're looking for?" Young asked; and his question expressed a thought that already had found a lodging in my own mind. For such good luck as this would be I was quite willing to concede that Fray Antonio was right in his unpleasantly positive views in regard to the shape of the Aztec swords. And what Young said also put me sharply in mind of the graving on the rock of the King's symbol, that we had found only in the same moment to lose it again. To this matter I now adverted; and I said some very unpleasant things about the Indians who had prevented us from following the trail, that we had sought for so laboriously, when we did find it at last—and who still, for we doubted not that the main body was in wait for us lower down the valley, prevented us from returning to the spot where we had seen the sign and thence systematically continuing our search.

"If I was you, Professor," said Young as I ceased speaking, "I wouldn't be so everlastin'ly down on these poor devils of Indians for what they've done. They killed Dennis, and that's a pretty bad business; and they got away with our two *mozos*, too; and they've pretty well battered the rest of us. But I take it that we've about evened things up by killing eighteen of 'em—or six of their crowd dead for each one dead in ours. I guess we can call that part of the business about square. But what I'm getting at is, if it hadn't been for the Indians we'd never have come up this valley; and so we'd never have struck the King's symbol trail at all."

"But what good did it do us to find it, when we could not follow it?" I asked. "We cannot go back to examine the sign without risking our lives; and unless we do examine it we cannot know where the next one is, and so the trail is lost."

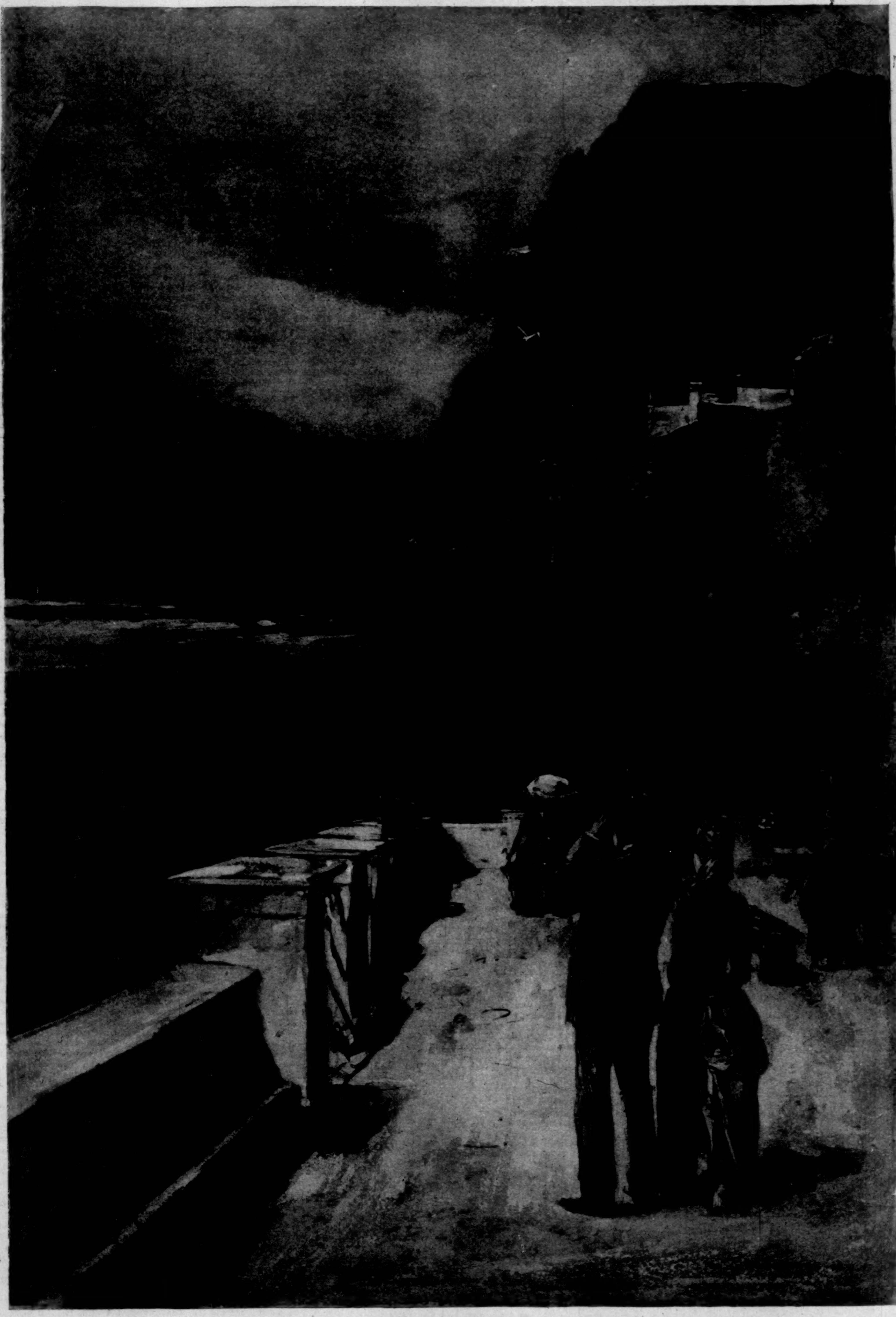
"I've just been waiting," said Young, "to see if I was the only man in this party that God-a-mighty 'd given a pair of eyes to. I guess I am. Suppose you just get up, Professor, and turn around, and take a look at that place where there's a brown mark on the side of the rock; and suppose the rest of you look there, too. If that isn't the King's symbol, just as plain as the noses in all your faces, I'll eat every dead Indian in this cañon."

And Young spoke the truth. Just above the cleft whence Pablo had taken the sword, graven so deeply in the rock that after all the weathering of centuries it still remained distinct and clear, was identically the same figure that Fray Francisco in the far past time had represented in his letter, and that was repeated also on the far more ancient piece of gold. Above it was cut an arrow that pointed directly up the cañon.

It was a good thing that something came to cheer us just then; for what with the death of Dennis and of our two poor Indians, and our own hurts, and the melancholy feeling that must oppress men always—save those of cruel and hardened natures—when a fight is ended in which they have spilt freely human blood, we all were oppressed sensibly by a consuming sadness.

But here was cheer indeed. Not only had we surely found the trail at last, but we found it leading in precisely the direction that at that moment we desired to go. For us to return down the valley to the open country, we knew was full of most signal danger; for the Indians who so unaccountably had declined to take part in attacking us assuredly were lying in wait for us by the way. Our only chance to escape them was to strike into the mountains; and the sign that we now had gave promise that we should find some sort of a path along which we might go. Therefore it was with good heart that we set about getting as far into the depths of the cañon as possible before night should be wholly upon us; trusting, in regard to possible pursuit, somewhat to the superstition of the Indians which so unaccountably yet so obviously had been aroused, and also to the wholesome dread that they must have of us upon finding that every one of their companions had been slain. The bodies of our poor Otomís we placed in a deep fissure in the rock, and there heaped stones upon them, while Fray Antonio said over them the briefer office; but the body of Dennis we carried with us, that we might give him a more tender and reverent burial in gratitude for his brave struggle to save our lives when he knew that his own life was lost. As for the eighteen dead Indians—who had invited the death that so promptly had come to them—we did not bother ourselves about them at all. We left them to the coyotes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



VESUVIUS, FROM THE ISLAND OF CAPRI.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 23.]

THEIR EXPERIENCE IN A FLAT.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

I.

THEY had looked at houses large and houses small. They had ascended into garrets, they had descended into the uttermost parts of cellars. They had inspected basement stairs, waste-pipes, sewer-traps, sinks, ranges, coal-holes, furnaces, butlers' pantries, kitchen dressers, china and clothes closets, and all the other uninteresting corners that are supposed to demand an attentive and jealous care, whose presence characterizes a good manager, and whose absence indicates "no sort of a house-keeper." And with every fresh domicile they examined their backs and legs grew wearier, and their spirits more depressed. The prospect was not cheering to a woman who had until now never kept house except in a country town, where everything was above-ground.

"We did not have to cook in a cellar and take our meals in a foot-tub, dubbed by courtesy a basement dining-room, when we lived *there*," said Mrs. Goodenough, mournfully, to her husband, as they descended the front steps of the sixth two-story and basement brown-stone or brick mansion they had visited that morning.

And just then the idea struck her, and she stood still in the middle of the pavement, and cried, "Oh, Jim, let's take a flat!"

Why this plan had not suggested itself to one of them before, neither could say, but certain it was that although they had discussed their prospective home in the city from every other point of view, they had never, until this moment, thought of living in any way but that which had been theirs in their country-town home—namely, in a house by themselves. But they found none like the nest that had been their first abiding-place, and Mrs. Goodenough was secretly sure she could never be happy in one of the up-and-down little boxes over which she had been dragging her aching limbs for three days. Nothing but steep stairs and long narrow parlors that looked like steam-boat saloons; and then there was always one stuffy middle room upstairs, where no light entered except through the front or back chamber. She mentally included them all in one sweeping condemnation. But a flat! *That*, at least, would have no living rooms underground!

Jim looked rather grave at the suggestion. He was not only country-bred but country-born, and did not have the innate love for the bustle and roar of the streets, the longing to be in the midst of the active and throbbing forms of life, that were in his wife a relic of a girlhood passed in the greatest of American cities. He rather shrank from becoming too deeply involved in town customs just at the start, and clung to the simpler modes made dear to him by long association.

"I don't know," he said, slowly, after a little space of serious thought. Jim always liked to think about things before he did them, while his wife usually did them first and thought about them afterward. "I have always heard that flats did away with all privacy," he continued; "that the rooms open into one another, and that they are not very pleasant for people with young children. I did hope," half hesitating, "that we might have our own front door and door-bell, and a little piece of ground where the babies—"

"Ground in the *city*, Jim? You must be dreaming that we are made of money. What ground have we seen attached to any of those—those *chicken-coops* we have been studying ever since Tuesday? And as for door-bells, you have those in a flat, I'm sure—electric ones, too!"

"Just as you please, dear. You will be in the house more than I, and you are the person most to be consulted. But," making a last faltering stand, "I always thought you abhorred the idea of living in the same house with two or three other families."

"James!" Mrs. Goodenough almost screamed. "Do you suppose we mean to go into a tenement? An apartment-house is more than respectable; it's—it's *swell*. Lots of the richest people live in them. It's not anything like taking the second or third floor of a house with three door-bells, one above the other, on the front door-post!"

Thus decided, back they went to the real-estate office. The agent, who must have been heartily weary of their repeated appearances, although he gallantly strove to conceal the fact, brightened visibly when they made known their decision.

"Flats? why, plenty of them! Just look at this list," pointing to a framed schedule hanging on the wall. Upon its surface it bore a goodly record of flats to let, their locality, size, number of rooms, and rate of rent.

With that propensity to frugality, as marked in many women of to-day as it was in Mrs. Gilpin half-way down the last century, Mrs. Goodenough glanced at the figures at the ends of the printed lines. They were a good deal higher than she had expected to find them. But her attention was drawn from them to the agent, who was glibly rehearsing the manifold advantages of flats.

"They are far better than houses, for small families," he affirmed. "All on one floor, no running up and down stairs whenever you want to give an order or see what the cook is about. No cellar to look after, no halls to clean, no stairs to brush, no snow to clear off, no sidewalks to sweep. The janitor takes care of all that. Housekeeping is a mere trifle, and the care of your home a pastime."

Mrs. Goodenough listened eagerly, although inwardly rather incredulous as to the possibility that the care of a house could ever be the simple business thus described. She had kept house for three years, much of the time with indifferent servants, and had, perhaps, become a trifle pessimistic. Still the general outlook seemed so attractive, as glowingly depicted by the agent, that she caught herself wondering why, if all this were true, the entire population had not already quitted their separate domiciles and made one wild rush for flats.

Furnished with a list of eligible apartment-houses, the two young people started out on a fresh round, curiosity and interest overcoming fatigue. They had not far to go to the first flat—an imposing building on the corner of a business street. A bebuttoned boy threw open the door for the seeking pair, and bowed them to the elevator. Up, up, up—five, six, seven stories.

"Oh, Jim, I should never dare live here," faltered Mrs. Goodenough. "*What* would we do in case of fire?"

The bell-boy caught her whisper.

"The house is fire-proof, madam," he said, condescendingly, "and is provided with fire-escapes besides."

"I don't care!" she retorted, illogically. "I should never feel comfortable here if there were six fire-escapes at each window."

The bell-boy smiled superciliously, but deigned to display the handsomely furnished rooms, and pointed out the beauty of the view from this elevation. None the less, the little woman held firm to her refusal to take the apartment—a determination strengthened by learning on consultation of the agent's list that the rent was high in proportion to the altitude of the building.

"Jenny, where do people who live in flats dry their clothes?" queried Jim, as they again stood on the sidewalk, the question evidently suggested by a passing Celestial with a laundry parcel under his arm.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Jenny, thoughtfully; "there must be some yard or other place where it can be done. It can't be possible that all the people who live in flats send all their things to laundries. If that were the case it would measurably mitigate the horrors of Chinese cheap labor, I should think."

The next flat inspected was on the second floor. The main entrance was grimy; the black and white marble of the floor, the gray of the walls, broken only by a little black stencilling here and there, gave the house the appearance of having gone into half-mourning, and was decidedly depressing. They climbed the dimly lighted stairs—there was no elevator here—and were ushered by the colored janitor into a fair-sized, very bare-looking room with two windows. Their cicerone waved his hand complacently:

"This is de parlor, suh! De hall room openin' from it may be used as a liberry. De apartment back of it may be used as a sittin'-room," indicating an eight by fourteen apartment, insufficiently lighted from the parlor. "There is no dark rooms in de flat."

"But what do you call this?" asked Mrs. Goodenough, pausing on the threshold of the chamber back of the sitting-room. "I consider this decidedly dark."

"Oh no, madam," patronizingly indulgent of her misapprehension. "This winduh," raising the small sash with an air as of opening a wide passage for sun and breeze, "gives d'reckly on de open air. There are a passage three foot wide between this house an' de nex'."

Sure enough, by craning one's neck a glimpse of the sky could be obtained through the narrow fissure that separated the house in which they stood from the towering brick wall of the next building. The two other diminutive bedrooms were "lighted" and ventilated in similar fashion. This decidedly would not do.

It is hardly worth while to describe at further length the trials to which the two young country-people were subjected in finding a flat to suit them. One had a dirty entrance, another had a distinct smell of sewer gas that told a tale of defective drainage, a third had no private hall, and a fourth lacked one room of the necessary number; and in every one there was a smell of cookery, a haunting of the halls by the ghosts of dead, but not altogether gone, dinners; or if gone, "not forgotten," as Jim said.

They went back to their boarding-house at night wearied and worried almost beyond endurance. They started out again early the next morning on their depressing round, but it was after mid-day before they found a flat that seemed in any degree to fill the measure of their expectations. It was up two long flights of stairs, but after the worse climbing they had done they did not complain of this. Then a great advantage—the house was nearly new. The stairs were easy, and the main entrance pleasant. The rooms were really *all* light. There was a square apartment, for a sitting-room or library, with two windows; two more brightened the parlor. The two bedchambers had each a large window opening on the free air; there was a very pleasant dining-room, a small kitchen, and back of that a tiny chamber for a servant. The long private hall widened just outside of the dining-room door, affording a place for a refrigerator; and the window in the wee bath-room and that in the hall were the only ones that opened upon a court. And a tremendous advantage, emphasized by the landlord—the whole house was heated by steam. There would be no stoves to buy, no furnace to look after.

This final consideration helped to reconcile the young people to the fact that the rent was just twelve dollars a month more than they had meant to pay when they made their plans for house-hunting. But they consoled themselves with the thought that if they had had to buy stoves and coal, and hire a man to take charge of the fires, they would be at a much heavier expense, especially when they reflected that the services of the janitor included the care of stairs, steps, sidewalk, and main hall.

And so they took it. There were two or three disadvantages that in the first flush of excitement they overlooked or failed to appreciate, that came back to Mrs. Goodenough after the lease was signed, and gave her sundry twinges of discomfort. In the first place, there were almost no closets. Two large presses and one tall narrow cupboard were all the space allotted for the hanging of clothing. There were a china closet and a kitchen pantry besides; that was all. Then the only register in the house was in the front sitting-room, and how the whole suite of rooms was to be heated from that was a serious question. And there was no trunk-room, and the kitchen was *very* small. Still, the young house-keeper shut her eyes to all deficiencies, saying sternly to herself, "It is too late to worry now; the whole thing is settled," and resolutely brought forward all of the Mark Tapley in her nature, determined to make the best of things.

Woman-like, she could not be happy until she had definitely settled in her own mind just how each room of her new abode should be arranged. The family was not very large, but judgment had to be displayed in disposing of its members. The front sitting-room, the little woman decided, must be used as a nursery for the children and a sleeping-room for the baby and her nurse. This apartment must also serve as Mrs. Goodenough's dressing-room, for the chamber back of the parlor, that she had selected for herself and her husband, was too small to admit other furniture than the bed, the baby's crib, Mr. Goodenough's bureau, and a chair or two. The bedroom behind that was to be reserved for a guest-chamber, while the cook would of course occupy the little cubicle back of the kitchen.

So far so good, and Jenny immediately fell to making tremendous mental calculations as to how she could cut over carpets, refit mattings, and place furniture so that there would have to be comparatively few additions made to the stock of domestic goods and chattels the young house-holders already possessed.

It was golden October weather, and the two worked early and late getting the flat to rights. The landlord was persuaded to stain some of the floors for a width of two or three feet around the sides of the rooms, so that rugs could be laid down and the cutting of carpets avoided. A woman was hired to sweep and clean, and Mrs. Goodenough tried hard to show Christian philosophy when she found that her handmaiden *pro tem.* had scrubbed off most of the coating of stain while it was yet moist. To be sure, they were obliged to have the staining done over again at their own expense; but then accidents will happen in the best-regulated flats, and they had too much else to think about to waste time in grumbling over this *contretemps*.

They tacked down mattings, put up curtain poles and shade fixtures, hung portières, arranged draperies, and worked like beavers all day, stopping only long enough at noon to lunch frugally off of sandwiches or sardines and crackers, or some equally light refreshment. Their fingers were bruised and blistered, their muscles and joints strained and sore, but they persevered, cheered by the thought that the end would crown the means. In the main, affairs ran smoothly. The first serious hitch came when they found that by the exercise of no powers of compression within their capabilities could they force their kitchen utensils into the small pantry intended for their accommodation. Mrs. Goodenough had always prided herself upon the number and variety of labor-saving implements she possessed, but she now, for the first time, found this wealth a burden. The diminutive pot closet could not furnish space for more than half of her saucepans, soup-pots, double boilers, frying-pans, broilers, and Scotch kettles. She put up a long shelf over the set tubs. She drove uncounted nails and inserted screw-hooks *ad libitum*, but all in vain. The barrels and boxes continued to disgorge bowls, butter-paddles, pots, potato-beetles, sieves, strainers, kettles, colanders, egg-beaters, salad-baskets, iron spoons, wooden spoons, split spoons, toasters, funnels, dripping-pans, bread-pans, gem-pans, biscuit tins, cake tins, cake-cutters, cake-turners, muffin-rings, jelly-moulds, pudding-moulds, waffle-irons, pint measures, quart measures, tin cups, dippers, steamers, dredging-boxes, sugar-buckets, spice-boxes, rolling-pins, skewers, larding-needles, dish-pans, and bread-boards. The griddle, the meat-chopper, and the clothes-boiler completed the motley assemblage, and were the last touch required to reduce their owner to despair. A desperate remedy must be applied, and the only one that presented itself to her mind was to resign the guest-chamber, put the cook in there, and convert the apartment hitherto designed for her use into a store-room. So, leaving the pile of house-furnishing goods in the middle of the floor, they proceeded to make the necessary changes. Luckily, the furniture for the guest-chamber was still unpurchased, and it did not take long to pull up the matting from the floor of the store-room that was to be, and to transfer the cot, bureau, wash-stand, and chair to the larger apartment. An old set of book-shelves held some of the too numerous utensils; a long shelf, hastily put up by the carpenter, served as a resting-place for others, and everything that could be hung was suspended from nails and hooks. The clothes-basket, clothes-horse, and ironing-board also went here; and space was made for a deal table which Jenny designed should serve as a place for the making of cake, pastry, etc.

No other salient difficulty presented itself, although many were the minor tribulations encountered. The china closet was so small that they were forced to buy a dresser to hold their glass and porcelain. The clothes-press in their bedroom obstinately refused to contain all of their not extensive wardrobes, and Jenny was obliged to put up hooks for her dresses wherever she could—an expedient that proved decidedly embarrassing one day when a hasty sweeping aside of a portière revealed to a caller a tea gown hanging close against the folding-doors, on the side next to the parlor. Jim was obliged to find a place of storage for numerous small tables and extra chairs, a bureau, a wash-stand, and a sofa, and sold a spare bed at a sacrifice that they might buy in its place a folding-bed to be put in the nursery. There was no space in there for a crib, so a hammock was used for the baby, who roomed with the nurse. This, owing to the small size of the chamber, had to be swung from the window-casing at one side of the room to the door-post on the other, thus placing an obstacle in the way that must be crawled under by any one desiring to cross the room while the baby was asleep.

Still, in spite of all this they had a merry time getting to rights. Jenny had a true woman's passion for snipping and stitching and contriving, and she threw herself with enthusiasm into the business of rejuvenating old belongings. The carpet that had covered the hall floor in their former home was ripped, beaten, and made over into a square rug for the dining-room. Stair carpeting was laid down the long hall, a strip of stained floor being left visible on each side. The old mattings were turned, and sponged off with salt and water, that they might do duty in the bedrooms; while the supply of small rugs, that had seemed insufficient when scattered over a whole house, became generous in number and proportion when arranged in a flat. For the apartment which was to be combined library, study, and parlor Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough went to the extravagance of purchasing a large imported Oriental rug, stifling the consciences that rebuked the rather reckless expenditure with the eagerly offered assurance to one another that the best is always the cheapest. To do the rug justice, it verified the aphorism by wearing capitally; but as much could not be said for the curtains. These also possessed the merit of costliness, and looked extremely pretty for the first few weeks after they went up. But, alas, it was not long before dust and light did their work, and reduced the delicate robin's-egg hue of the dainty hangings to a dirty neutral shade.

The new tenants had been allowed to use their own taste in the tinting of the walls, and they selected a soft terra-cotta, that supplied an admirable background for pictures. Of these they had a goodly store; and when the engravings and etchings were hung, their cabinets for bric-à-brac in place, the sconces, plaques, and bits of drapery all arranged, the parlor took on at once a cozy, *lived-in* look that was very charming.

This apartment was its owners' delight, for here they felt they were duly rewarded for their labors. The bedchambers were small, and did not lend themselves readily to decoration; and the sitting-room, which Mrs. Goodenough had promised herself should be a model of home comfort, was doomed to be a disappointment. Events speedily proved that this apartment was to be the *omnium gatherum* of the family belongings. There is always one such in every home, a sort of domestic maelstrom, into which are drawn the ornaments and furniture that are the drift-wood of the household. And as in this flat there were few closets and no lumber-room, the nursery seemed to be the only place in which to hang clothes-bags, laundry-bags, and shoe-bags, or in which to keep the children's toys, books, etc. A set of book-shelves that would go nowhere else was placed directly across the closed fireplace, and concealed by curtains that hung from the broad mantel-shelf above. It was the struggle of poor Jenny's life to keep that room in a condition even approximating tidiness, but her efforts generally proved futile, because there was no place to put the articles she picked up. They could at best only be stacked in a corner in an unpicturesque pile.

The dining-room was very pleasant, with its two windows, through which shone the morning sunlight. Scrim curtains, that could not be injured by any amount of glare, hung at the windows; a stationary sideboard let into one side of the room held the ice pitcher and some large pieces of china. In the recess left on one side of this buffet was the china closet proper, which, after the purchase of the dresser, was appropriated for preserves, jellies, and pickles. At the other side of the stationary buffet was an arched doorway leading into the servant's room. The door into this was kept locked, and the embrasure converted into an apology for a closet by aid of a curtain hung before it. In this nook stood a couple of chairs for which there was not space outside, and it also served as a convenient receptacle into which to hurriedly thrust the odds and ends the babies had left lying about. These were always perceived at the last minute, of course, when dinner had been announced and there was no time for any more orderly disposition of the litter. In this, as in the other rooms, pictures and brackets were hung. The sideboard held a pretty array of choice china and glass; dainty cups swung above their saucers from small hooks screwed into the back of the over-mantel; and there was the same home-like look here that pervaded the drawing-room. The whole flat was as clean as wax, and in complete order, on the bright day when they finally moved in, babies, baggage, and all.

II.

It was the last of October when the Goodenoughs found themselves snugly settled in their new home. The weather up to this time had been exceptionally warm and pleasant, and they had been obliged to take on faith their landlord's assertion that the steam-heating apparatus in the basement would make the whole house so comfortable that there would be no need of additional fires. For the sake of the look of home cheer it imparted, they had put up an old-fashioned brass-mounted Franklin in the parlor, and they really revelled in anticipation of the pretty ingle-side picture they would have when the blazing fire of logs would be reflected from the polished surfaces of the antique brass andirons, fender, and fire-irons. Still, they wished to reserve this pleasure as a luxury, not to practise it as a necessity.

In spite of the numerous arguments Mrs. Goodenough had heard in favor of the superior economy of flats over whole houses, she and her husband had found that the difference of expense in furnishing was not marked. To be sure, they had not had to buy a stair carpet, and the shades in the front windows had been put up by the landlord. But there were plenty of other windows, and these the shades that had been used in their country home obstinately refused to fit. Then, the new parlor rug and draperies, the hall carpet, the carpenter's work, and a dozen minor items had altogether gone well beyond the sum the two had set aside for "moving expenses," and had even ingulfed the "margin" which long and painful experience had taught them always to allow in any estimates of which they could not be absolutely positive. So Jenny was quite prepared to conduct her house-keeping on as moderate a scale as possible, retrenching all unnecessary luxuries until the deficit that looked at them with such an ugly face had been entirely made up.

What she was not prepared for was to find that within the month they would have to buy a stove and renew the supply of fuel they had flattered themselves would last all winter. One of the sudden changes of weather for which the Eastern climate is almost proverbial had sent the mercury well toward the bottom of the tube, brought ice on the puddles, and set house-keepers to hunting out the thickest wraps and heaviest bedclothing. Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough excused the slight stream of heat that came through their one register by the plea that a furnace never does its best the first time it is burned, and promptly lighted their wood fire, not sorry, perhaps, for the excuse. It smoked: cold chimneys always do, said they, and stood it as best they might, with tearful eyes and reddened faces, long enough for any self-respecting chimney to have become heated seven times. They thrust blazing newspapers up the flue, they piled on kindling with lavish hands, they worked the bellows until their arms and backs ached, and finally, when patience had ceased to be a virtue, they sent for a stove-man.

He made a careful examination of the fireplace, and pronounced that the only thing to benefit it was a "hood" of cast-iron, fitted across the too-open face of the Franklin. This was put in (at a cost of $2.25 for materials and labor), and with renewed hopes they "lighted up" again, only to find that matters were made worse, if that were possible, by the disfiguring addition. Time and memory failed them in the endeavor to keep count of how many times that stove-man was sent for to "look at" the fireplace and prescribe for it. But the bill had swelled to formidable proportions before the oracle finally announced that "there wasn't nothing as *could* be done with that air stove, for the draught wasn't no good in that chimney, anyhow."

Meanwhile the cold weather lasted, the furnace fire still continued depressed, and the family alternated their fits of shivering with entreaties to the landlord to do something and maledictions upon his head because he would do nothing. The stove-man inspected the furnace, and pronounced that it was doing its best, but that it was too small for the house. The only days upon which it seemed fairly adequate to its task were the mild ones, and then it sent forth a volume of heat that almost roasted them out. The cold weather invariably seemed to discourage it to such an extent that all it could do was to be low and sulk.

At last matters came to a climax. Jenny had opposed the purchase of a coal stove, pleading its ugliness, its expense, and the extra care it would involve. But when the baby was threatened with croup, Jim walked himself off with no word to any one, and sent home a gas stove.

"It costs less than doctors' and druggists' bills," he said, decidedly. And what a comfort it was! how much room it took up! and what a blot it was upon the pretty parlor! They couldn't have lived without it; but it was very hard to live *with* it. Meanwhile they had fared no better in the dining-room, so far as heat was concerned. That, they had been told, would be amply warmed by the range fire—an assertion that was verified when summer came. But during the winter, in spite of their enduring all the smells of the cooking in order to get the benefit of the heat from the kitchen, they found this totally inadequate except upon the blandest days. One gas stove was all the family finances could stand, so Mr. Goodenough bought a little air-tight wood stove, and they knew comfort until the bill came in. The extra price they had paid for rent in the firm persuasion that there would be no fuel bills except for the coal burned in the range, and the little amount of wood the Franklin would consume, was dissipated, with many other of their illusions concerning flats.

Before they had been in their new quarters a week they had learned that they would have to submit to a constant trial, which, although it might be termed vicarious in that it was occasioned by the sins of others, yet had no atoning results in any direction. This discomfort was caused by the odors of other people's meals, which, willy-nilly, they were obliged to inhale; to reverse the apostolic saying, "who burnt and they were offended not?" When they came home to dinner, by the time they reached their apartment on the third floor they had passed through the successive vaporous strata of corned-beef and cabbage from the basement, boiled codfish from the first *étage*, and onions from the second. Mrs. Goodenough's memory tablets were indelibly engraved with the recollection of the mortification that filled her soul one day when she opened her drawing-room door to usher out a couple of very distinguished callers, and had her nostrils and theirs filled by the rush of "a perfect simoom" of fried onions which had made its way up the elevator shaft.

There was, of course, no mode of alleviating the infliction. In this land of the free one can hardly dictate the bills of fare to be adopted by her neighbors in a flat. When will the man or woman arise who will gain fame and fortune by inventing a kitchen deodorizer for the especial benefit of people living in apartments and in houses with basement kitchens? The makeshifts to which the close quarters obliged the Goodenoughs to resort were funny enough in the retrospect, although they were anything but droll in the happening. They had to double their belongings up in the most astonishing fashion, and occasionally things got dreadfully mixed. Jenny used to say, despairingly, that she looked forward to finding the frying-pan on the parlor sofa, and her clean collars in the refrigerator, and bore constantly in mind that amusing account of a flat where every piece of furniture was something else than what it pretended to be. Usually she timed her preparations for an outing so that her wraps were laid in readiness some minutes before she was to start. But once she made a miscalculation, and was surprised by the too prompt arrival of a rather fastidious bachelor friend of her husband's who was to accompany them to the theatre. She made a virtue of necessity and carried it off as a joke when she had to ask the guest to rise from the sofa that she might get from under it the box containing her fur cloak, and apologize as she took her best bonnet from the drawer of the antique spider-legged parlor table.

That was a mere circumstance, however, to the shame and confusion of countenance she experienced when another friend of Jim's stopped at the flat early one morning on his way to the office, and found the party costume she had worn the evening before gracefully disposed over chairs in the parlor; while her fan, jewelry, gloves, lace handkerchief, and various similar trifles adorned the mantel and the top of the Franklin. In fact, she was almost always obliged to use the parlor as a dressing-room in the evening, the presence of one baby in the nursery and another in the bedchamber shutting her off from either of those retreats; while the bath-room was so small that if she took an elaborate *tournure* in there with her, she was unable to close the door upon it. It was enough to make one tremble to think of the consequences that would have ensued had she been guilty of the rashness of putting on a bereeded or bebustled gown while actually in the bath-room. She and the gown could never have come out except piecemeal.

Among Mrs. Goodenough's purchases later in the winter was a wardrobe—an essential, if she would not have her best dresses ruined. This she crammed into the nursery, which was already full to overflowing, and then had the pleasure of ducking under the hammock to get a gown whenever she wanted to change her costume during the baby's nap or after his bedtime. Her hairpins and the meshes of that dreadful hammock had such an affinity for each other that they could never pass without an embrace. Many a time did she crawl across the floor on her hands and knees to avoid the risk of having to take her hair down and rearrange it after the disastrous results that would have followed had she endeavored to reach her goal on her feet instead of on all-fours. When she attempted to take clothing out of the tall closet in her chamber she was in almost as bad a plight. The triple tier of drawers that supported the clothes-press raised it so high that to reach the hooks supporting the dresses she had to scale the height by means of a hassock and a chair. Precariously balanced on the edge of the latter, in imminent danger of falling and breaking her neck, she would clutch wildly at her prey, which generally hung just beyond her reach. Whenever she descended safe and victorious from her perilous quest, she would draw a long breath of thankfulness that she still preserved her bones intact.

And oh, the noises! Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough were both addicted to rather late hours, and, in consequence, "loved a morning doze." The denizens of the flat above them apparently believed in uncarpeted floors, and although the ceilings were supposed to be deadened, the work had been so imperfectly done that it failed utterly to soften the sounds that began overhead by 6 A.M. A small boy with heavy shoes was usually heard at play half an hour later. His favorite diversion seemed to consist in throwing a wooden ball from one end of the room to the other, then jumping from the cricket upon which he had evidently been perched and running to regain his toy. This pleasing pastime he would continue by the hour at a time. By seven o'clock a melodeon in the same flat would be started with Gospel hymns, of course, and this lasted until one was tempted to turn heathen and fly to the isles of the sea in self-preservation. When the "music," as *Cape Cod Folks* had taught them to call this instrument of torture, was going overhead, while a piano was being practised in the flat below, and a would-be violinist was scraping away in another apartment on the same story, the Goodenoughs felt that their cup of confusion was full.

There were other equally charming features connected with life in a flat which should not be overlooked. One of them arose from the close proximity of the parlor to the nursery. This was the dread of certain callers with loud or high-pitched voices who might happen in during the babies' naps, or, worse still, in the evenings. Practice had given the father and mother of the interesting infants the habit of speaking in as subdued tones as would be used in a chamber of sickness, but outsiders could hardly be expected to cultivate this practice, nor did the host and hostess feel inclined to request it. Sometimes the callers would ask, apprehensively, "if any one were ill," and the statement that the babies were easily awakened generally seemed to cast a damper over the enjoyment of the company. It is impossible to be very jovial for any length of time in a forced undertone, and Mrs. Goodenough began to fear that they would lose most of their cheerfully disposed friends if this mode of living were continued much longer.

Apart from these annoyances there were household worries. When a couple of friends were invited to dinner, or when there was an extra course or two, the makeshifts to which the waitress was put in the disposition of the additional dishes forcibly reminded the entertainers of the banquet David Copperfield gave to his friends in his chambers, when the "young gal" who had been engaged by Mrs. Crupp to wash the dishes "carefully paved the pantry floor with plates." The Goodenoughs' maid was reduced to almost similar straits, for as there was no butler's pantry, all the dishes that had been used were carried into the kitchen, and the little space offered by the table and the top of the set tubs was soon covered. Mrs. Goodenough had a broad shelf put up across the window, but even that was not equal to holding all the clean and soiled crockery in service at a lunch or dinner party. That so much of the pretty ware escaped unbroken was a mysterious blessing for which Jenny was deeply thankful.

On washing days the family lived in the steam that, do what they might, would find its way from the tiny kitchen into the dining-room, and it never ceased to be a wonder to them that between the ironing-board and the laden clothes-horse the cook ever managed to cook the dinner on ironing day. And Mrs. Goodenough never could get used to having to pilot her friends past the refrigerator and the flour barrel to get them into the dining-room. Finally, a brilliant thought suggested itself; she had a framework put up, on which she could hang curtains to conceal these homely objects and the shelf above them, and she felt more at ease. With the exception of their musical predilections, the neighbors were, in the main, inoffensive. Still, in every family, no matter how united, there must be occasional differences of opinion, and it is not always the pleasantest thing in the world to be forced into the position of an unwilling eavesdropper to the conjugal disputes in the flat below-stairs or next door. Equally disagreeable is it to be obliged to assist by one's sense of hearing at the spanking the mother of the large family on the first floor is bestowing upon her youngest hope. Yet what can be done when one elevator and one air-shaft connect each one of eight flats with the others?

The arbitrary rules common to flat-houses likewise chafed not a little the young people who had been accustomed to the freedom of their own cottage. Jenny resented having forbidden her the privilege of consulting the grocer's boy or marketman in the privacy of her kitchen, and being forced instead to descend three flights of stairs to a chilly basement. Yet she relished even less the alternative of shouting her orders down the elevator shaft for the delectation of all the curious listeners within ear-shot. One may have nothing to conceal, and yet shrink from publicly announcing her daily *menu*. As little did she like the regulation that forbade opening the front-door by means of the electric spring until the candidate for admission had screamed her name up the speaking-tube to the maid who answered the call of the bell. The only advantage possessed by this system was the protection it accorded against peddlers, beggars, and book agents. And how both husband and wife longed for a scrap of ground they could call their own, even if it were but the tiny yard that is the only free bit of earth connected with most city houses! What a nuisance it was when a rainy Monday compelled the indefinite postponement of the hanging out of the wet clothes, unless some other tenant could be persuaded to let them have part of the roof on "her day" for drying!

One of the most unpleasant features of living over another family was manifested upon a certain memorable occasion, when Mrs. Goodenough's maid had gone to bed on Sunday night leaving the Monday's wash soaking in the set tubs in the kitchen. By some oversight she neglected the trifling precaution of turning off the water. The mass of wet clothes pressed against the netting covering the waste-pipe, and prevented the escape of the water by that exit. Between five and six the next morning a vigorous knocking at the door aroused Mr. Goodenough to find the janitor half dressed and wholly indignant.

"The water from your pipes has flooded all the other floors," he announced, seriously.

There was an immediate rush to the kitchen by mistress and maids, where they found a flooded floor, an empty boiler, and a stream of cold water flowing from the hot-water faucet into the tubs. Luckily, the damage turned out to be less serious than it had appeared at first; but even then it was quite bad enough.

They never did get used to having the lights in the hall put out and the front doors closed by nine forty-five. It was bad enough to have to let themselves into the house and stumble up to their third floor through Egyptian darkness; but even that was not so bad as to usher a caller out at the eminently respectable hour of half past ten, and to feel that unless one of them stood at the head of the stairs to light the guest on his downward way, he would probably break his neck and leave his entertainers morally responsible for his destruction before he reached the front door.

But space and leisure fail one who attempts to recount all the trials the two underwent. They had dreadful suspicions of the janitor's honesty in the matter of coal and kindling-wood. Fuel never lasted as long as they thought it should. The electric bells were constantly getting out of order; the stairs were dark; the rugs had to be carried to the roof every time they needed a shaking. The meats and groceries were delivered at the wrong floors, or on the wrong side of the house. They grew tired of climbing so many stairs, and the first floor had fried onions and boiled cod on every day in the week except those on which they had cabbage, and on Sunday they had all three. It was that which decided them finally. They had lived in their flat for eighteen months, and for sixteen they had been glancing with more or less interest at every house they passed in their walks that bore the legend, *To Let*, and when a little frame cottage presented itself—a bit old-fashioned, perhaps, but in which one could at least go upstairs to bed, and down-stairs to breakfast—the Goodenoughs shook the dust of flats off their feet forever, and fled to the refuge which offered them a front and a back door all their own.

SENATOR SANDERS.

On the last day of the old year the Republican caucus of the Montana Legislature nominated Colonel Wilbur Fisk Sanders as United States Senator, and he was elected the following day by the Republican Legislature. As his title will be passed upon by a committee on elections a majority of whose members are Republicans, it is fair to assume that its validity will be recognized.

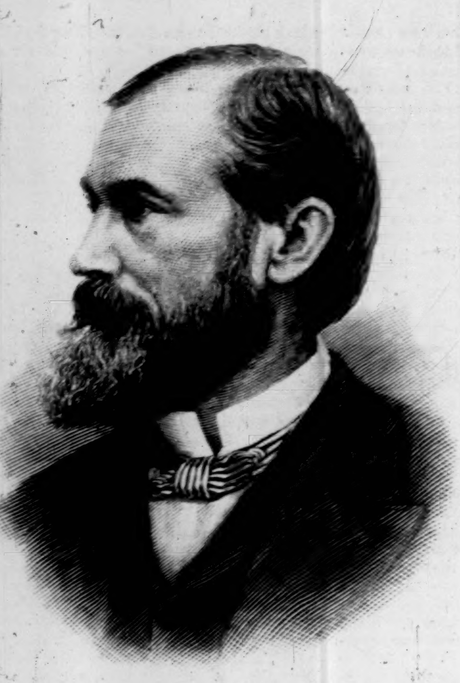
Colonel Sanders is one of the most picturesque figures of the new Northwest. He was born in Cattaraugus County, New York, in 1834, and in 1854 began his legal education under his uncle, Sidney Edgerton, of Akron, Ohio, one of the most prominent lawyers of the Western Reserve. He married Miss Harriet P. Fenn in 1858. He served in the army until 1863, when he retired on account of broken health, and went to Idaho, whither his uncle had preceded him as Governor of the Territory. The next year the Territory was divided, and Mr. Edgerton became Governor of Montana, and young Sanders settled in Virginia City. He soon became prominent as a lawyer, and was chosen Prosecuting Attorney. In this office he distinguished himself by his ability and absolute fearlessness. In 1868 he removed to Helena, Montana. Montana in those days was infested with "road agents," and it was due to him, in no small degree, that the famous "Vigilantes" succeeded in restoring the reign of law and order in the Territory. He brought the notorious Slade to justice, and it was on his motion, when there was some hesitation about the carrying out of the sentence imposed by the improvised court of the Vigilantes, that the murderer George Ives was "forthwith hung."

Colonel Sanders is a pronounced partisan, and in his political speeches he often refers to his Democratic opponents as "the left wing of Price's army." He will be a hearty supporter of a Federal election bill, and in general of all "bloody shirt" legislation. He is one of the readiest impromptu talkers in the country, and many stories are told of his marvellous power of extempore eloquence. He is equally at home before a Vigilance Committee, a board of railway directors, a Browning Society, or a political mass-meeting. Colonel Sanders has been a recognized leader of the Republican party in Montana for twenty-five years. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1872, '74, '76, and '78. Several times he has been the candidate for Territorial Delegate to Congress, but has failed to overcome the Democratic majority. His nomination for Senator by the Republicans was almost a foregone conclusion. He is the foremost man in his party in Montana, and is likely to make his mark in the Senate at Washington.

CHANCELLOR HENRY R. PIERSON, LL.D.

Chancellor Pierson, who died at Albany on January 1st, was an exemplary type of that sturdy and solid worth which appeals to the esteem of all classes of the community. During his long life of usefulness he had filled many positions of the highest trust and importance, and so filled them as to be a model for his fellows. He fell a victim to an attack of capillary bronchitis, induced from the prevalent influenza. He had been ill for only eight days, and till within a very brief period before his death his condition had not been esteemed dangerous.

Chancellor Pierson was born at Charleston, Montgomery County, New York, on June 13, 1819, of sturdy farmer stock. All his early years were spent in rustic pursuits, and the exercise obtained in out-door life probably contributed largely to the sturdy physique which characterized him. Farm life, however, did not prevent him from giving time to the cultivation of that love of books to which his tastes led him. He had already acquired a marked degree of self-education when he left home at the age of twenty-one to teach school at Salem, New York, with the idea of earning money for the discharge of his college expenses. He was enabled to enter Union College in 1843 in the Sophomore class, and graduated with honors in 1846. In his class were several men who afterward became notable, such as John M. Gregory, Governor John T. Hoffman, and Howard Potter. After a brief period of law study in Cherry Valley, the young man entered the office of Judge Gilbert M. Speir, in New York city, and was admitted to the bar in 1848. He at once formed a law partnership with Hon. Abijah Mann, which lasted for many years, and made the firm one of the best known in New York. The attention of Mr. Pierson, however, was quickly turned to railway matters, for which he seemed to have a special talent. He resided in Brooklyn from 1849 to 1869, and during that period served as President of the Board of Education, and likewise of the Board of Aldermen, in both of which offices he secured the warm approval of his fellow-citizens. He was also elected a State Senator for his district in 1866, and served with great usefulness. He had retired from legal practice in 1860, and became President of the Brooklyn City Railroad. This position he held for nine years, till he was persuaded to go West to assume the functions of financial agent of the Chicago and North-

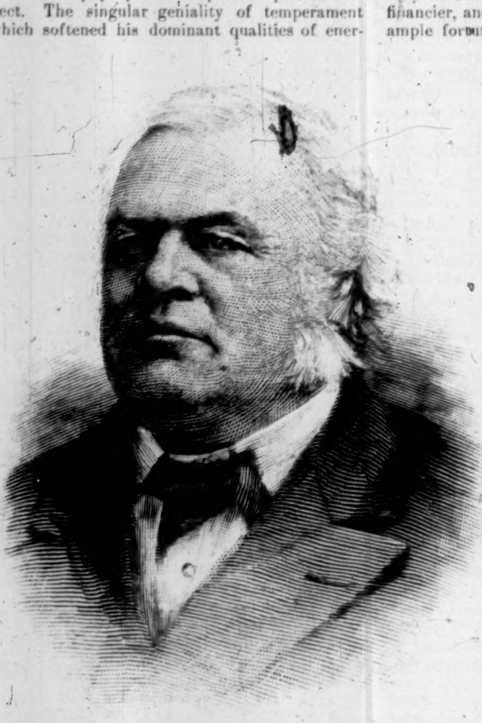


COLONEL WILBUR F. SANDERS, SENATOR-ELECT FROM THE STATE OF MONTANA.—[See Page 31.]

western Railroad. He speedily discovered such ability that he was made Vice-president of the company, and filled that office for two years. Mr. Pierson then returned East to assume the duties of managing director of the New York Central road, and thenceforward made his home at Albany. Two years later, in 1873, he was elected to the Assembly, where he held the chairmanship of two of the most important committees—Cities and Railways. As a man of business he did not, however, confine his attention to railway management, but instituted a successful banking establishment, with which he remained permanently identified.

He had always been warmly interested in questions of education. In 1870 he had been elected a trustee of Union College, of the Albany Medical College, and of the Dudley Observatory. The Legislature in 1872 made him a Regent of the University of the State of New York, in which position he succeeded Erastus Corning. He was appointed to the Vice-Chancellorship in 1878, when Erastus C. Benedict became Chancellor; and when Mr. Benedict's death in 1881 made a vacancy in the Chancellorship, Mr. Pierson was at once promoted to this important and responsible place, which he has since filled with great ability and judgment.

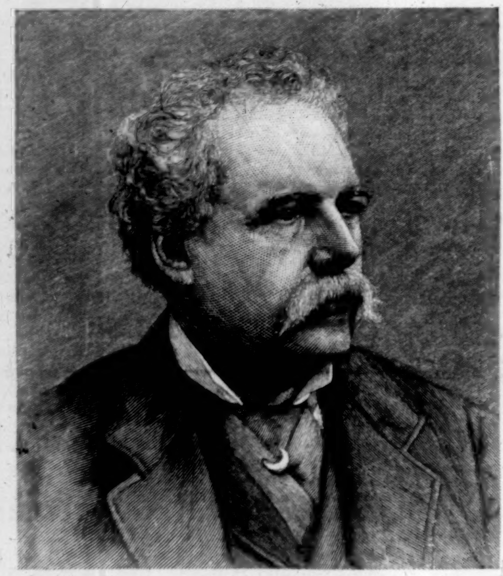
Chancellor Pierson was a man of fine physique and impressive personal aspect. The singular geniality of temperament which softened his dominant qualities of energy and force made him as warmly beloved by his friends as he was universally esteemed. His early experiences in farming life left him strongly attached to rustic pursuits, and during the closing years of his life he was much interested in carrying on practical and experimental farming on the fine country estate near Albany which he possessed. He was a fine type of executive energy united with cultivated and vigorous intellectual qualities, and a man of great public capacity. He received the degree of LL.D. in 1874.



THE LATE HENRY R. PIERSON, CHANCELLOR OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Sterry, Albany.—[See Page 31.]

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

Mr. G. H. Boker, honorably known as poet, dramatist, and diplomat, died on January 2d, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, at his residence in Philadelphia, of a throat affection, from which he had been suffering for several years. He had been confined to his bed for nearly a month, and the fatal termination of his illness was unexpected, as he had rallied only a few days before his death in a way to promise convalescence. Mr. Boker, born in 1823, belonged to a wealthy Philadelphia family, and inherited the easy and graceful culture which stamped his literary work. His ancestry, originally French, was also partly Dutch by removal to Holland, and finally became located in England. The family then became identified with the Quaker sect, and on coming to America, settled naturally in Philadelphia. His father was a noted financier, and he himself became the heir of an ample fortune at an early age. He was graduated at Princeton College in 1842, in the same class with Theodore L. Cuyler, John P. Stockton, Senator Colquit, and Charles Godfrey Leland. He finished his studies at the age of nineteen, and wedding shortly after a Miss Riggs, he went abroad for prolonged travel. His literary tastes, which had been pronounced in college, rapidly ripened into productive work, and in 1848 his first volume of poems, *The Lesson of Life*, was given to the public. The following year came a tragedy, *Calagno*, based on a Spanish story, which was very favorably received, and it was also a play of acting merit, as it was put on the stage in both England and America. There followed within a few years *Anne Boleyn*, *Leonor De Guzman*, and *Francesa Da Rimini*. The latter-named drama, originally produced, at the Broadway Theatre in New York, in 1855, with E. L. Davenport as Lanciotto, was very successfully revived in 1883 modified by the author, and it by Lawrence Barrett, in a form became a permanent feature of the actor's repertory. Other plays written by Mr. Boker, though never acted, were *The Betrothal* and *The Widow's Marriage*. His books of collected poems, in addition to *The Lesson of Life*, were *Plays and Poems* (1856); *Poems of the War* (1864); *Street Lyrics* and *Königsmark and Other Poems* (1869); and *The Book of the Dead* (1882).



THE LATE GEORGE H. BOKER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Boker from the outset of the civil war was an ardent patriot and a prominent member of the Republican party. In association with Morton, McMichael, and a few others, he founded the Union League Club in 1862, and this soon became a power in war politics. He was such an uncompromising Unionist that he was drawn into more than one bitter feud, and it was said that his life was several times threatened by political enemies. His diplomatic career began in 1872, when President Grant gazetted him as minister to Turkey; here Mr. Boker displayed at once brilliant aptitudes for his new profession. He interested himself in securing certain needed reforms in the jurisdiction of native courts in Turkey and Egypt over foreigners, and valuable decorations and gifts were urged on him by the Sultan and the Khedive, honors which he was obliged to decline. Thence he was promoted, with the most flattering testimonials from the State Department at Washington, to the St. Petersburg mission, and in this new field he acquitted himself with such tact and ability as to win the warmest esteem of the Emperor and his chancellors. It was through Mr. Boker's negotiations that Russia, Turkey, and Egypt took part in the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876, and that the Czar announced himself so emphatically on the side of the United States at the time of the *Virginius* trouble. He was in the diplomatic service for six years, and it was said that Alexander and his Chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff, made a personal request that he should not be removed.

After Mr. Boker's withdrawal from diplomacy he ceased to be connected with public life, and occupied himself with social and literary interests. His culture and polish as a man of the world made him a notable figure, and the impression he produced was heightened by a noble physique and carriage. His poetic faculty, which is his title to literary remembrance, vibrated with no lofty and original strain, but flowed with an easy and affluent grace, marked by extreme finish, and not without occasional outbursts of a genuine fire, which give him honorable rank among the *dii minores* of American verse. Some of his shorter poems, such as "Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan," "The Ivory Carver," "The Podesta's Daughter," and "A Dirge for a Soldier," rose at once to a popularity which has remained permanent.

THE MONEY MARKET ONCE MORE.

Those who are concerned in the financial business centring in New York for which the common and convenient name is Wall Street, will admit that the money market of the end of December and beginning of January deserves a chapter to itself. People at a distance, if engaged in business so as to know by experience the difference between tight and easy money, will be interested to know how matters went in New York round the turn of the year, and probably congratulate themselves on being elsewhere and differently occupied. Preparations for January disbursements were larger than usual, and the gathering together by a very large number of corporations of the money needed to pay their coupons on the first business day of January caused, as usual, some curtailment of facilities among borrowers. The banks themselves, in spite of their slender reserves, were obliged to increase their loans, and in general they did all that could reasonably have been expected of them in that respect. The rates for call loans became irregular; some institutions taking a pride in not raising their charge above 6 per cent. interest, while others, acting with the freedom of private lenders, took all they could get—25 per cent. or more. The Treasury had upward of eight millions of interest to pay at the beginning of January, and this amount was of vastly more importance to the market than any similar sum from corporations, because it was to come out of the Treasury vaults, and be so much clear addition to the money afloat. The importance of getting this money out in advance of the due date, and while the necessary preparations for ordinary payments of interest were on foot, was urged upon the Treasury. On Saturday night, December 28th, notice was sent out from the Treasury that checks for over seven millions of interest had just been mailed, and that quite possibly by Monday or Tuesday the Secretary might order them cashed at once, as a convenience to holders, but not with any reference to supposed stringency in the money market. This affectation of indifference to notorious facts was brushed away on Monday morning, December 30th, and by noon of that day the Assistant Treasurer at New York was instructed to cash the January interest checks and coupons as soon as presented. The relief was given as late as it could well be, and was given grudgingly. The comments current on Secretary Windom's action and its manner would not look well in print; but it would have been worth his while as a public officer to hear them. When business was resumed yesterday, after the New-Year's holiday, rates were anywhere from 10 to 40 per cent.; the highest rate being late in the day, and ascribed to manipulation of its own loans by one of the national banks. This afternoon money fell to 6 per cent., and closed easy at that figure or less, though most of the day's business had been at 12 to 15 per cent. It is not certain that this return to ease will last, though it seems that there is an increased disposition to promote ease in money, and this is important when bank reserves, as now, are slender.

The market for call loans in New York is very important; the loans are made on pledge of good stocks and bonds current at the Stock Exchange, and of market value 20 per cent. or more in excess of the money borrowed. They constitute the means of meeting the fluctuating demands from day to day of the financial houses and their thousands of clients all over the country. It is as legitimate a branch of the money market as that for commercial discounts, or that for time loans on pledge of collateral security. It cannot be evaded by taking time loans instead, for the reason that the amounts involved vary too greatly to permit of the substitution of that kind of borrowing. And it is an unfortunate feature of it that most of the borrowing has to be done in the service of clients who will not pay more than the legal rate of interest, which is 6 per cent. It is lawful in New York to agree upon any rate of interest for demand loans of $5000 or upward, but this is so recent that the client still plants himself upon the legal rate; and, besides, there is no official rate to which reference can be made. The latter defect may perhaps be remedied, but not until the banks agree upon a uniform rate for first-class call loans, announced day by day.

What, then, can be done to improve the present state of things? Improvement is certainly needed, as the rates just quoted are penal, though these and worse are familiar to every one of long experience in New York. The main thing is to get out of the Treasury the money which lies there in excess of sound business requirements. The purchase of bonds and the deposit of Treasury money in national banks are the two resources of the Secretary; but the offerings of bonds have been trifling for several days past, and Mr. Windom has pronounced against deposits in national banks with as much emphasis as if he had never read the Currency Act of 1864, which authorizes them. It would be a great relief if the fund in the Treasury for the redemption of surrendered bank-notes, now sixty-nine millions, could be rapidly reduced. All the details of the surrender of bank-notes are known to the Currency Bureau, and this knowledge, one would suppose, could be turned to account in hastening their redemption, and consequently the liberation of the impounded lawful money, if only the official mind could be convinced of the importance of time in this respect. The money market will do the best it can with the funds in its own control; let the Treasury yield up its idle hoard, and nothing more can be asked. But Mr. Windom must administer the Treasury with full use of his lawful powers of relief, or he will find that a large reduction of taxation is more vital to himself than even to the rest of us.

Henry J. Macdonald.

New York, Friday evening, *January* 3, 1890.

POOR HUMANITY!

The common lot is one of sorrow say—at least—the pessimists, they who look at the worst side. Certainly what would otherwise be a bright existence is often shadowed by some ailment that overhangs it like a pall, obscuring perpetually the radiance that else would light the path. Such an ailment, and a very common one, is nervousness, or, in other words, weakness of the nervous system, a condition only irremediable where inefficient or improper means are taken to relieve it. The concurrent experience of nervous people who have persistently used Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, that it conquers entirely supersensitiveness of the nerves, as well as diseases—so called—which are invited and sustained by their chronic weakness. As the nerves gain stamina from the great tonic the trouble disappears. Use the Bitters for malaria, rheumatism, biliousness, and kidney troubles.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A SPECIFIC FOR THROAT DISEASES.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Nicholson's Liquid Bread is a pure malt extract, containing less than 3 per cent. of alcohol. It meets the popular want, and is for sale by all druggists. Its rapid and constantly increasing sale proves that its merit is appreciated.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Whitens the hands, softens the skin. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

We recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

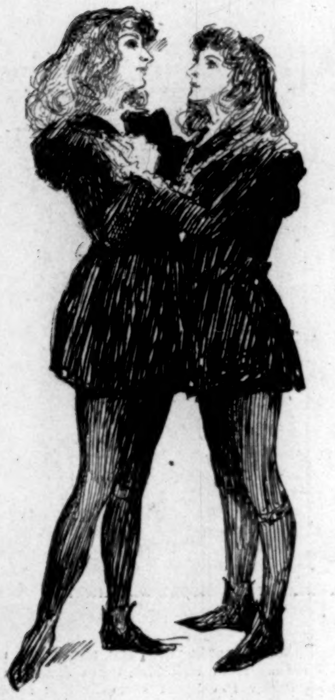
USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

The weakness and debility which result from illness may be speedily overcome by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This is a safe, but powerful tonic, assists digestion, regulates the liver and kidneys, and cleanses the blood of all germs of disease.—[*Adv.*]

SHAKESPEARE IN NEW YORK.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

WITH SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

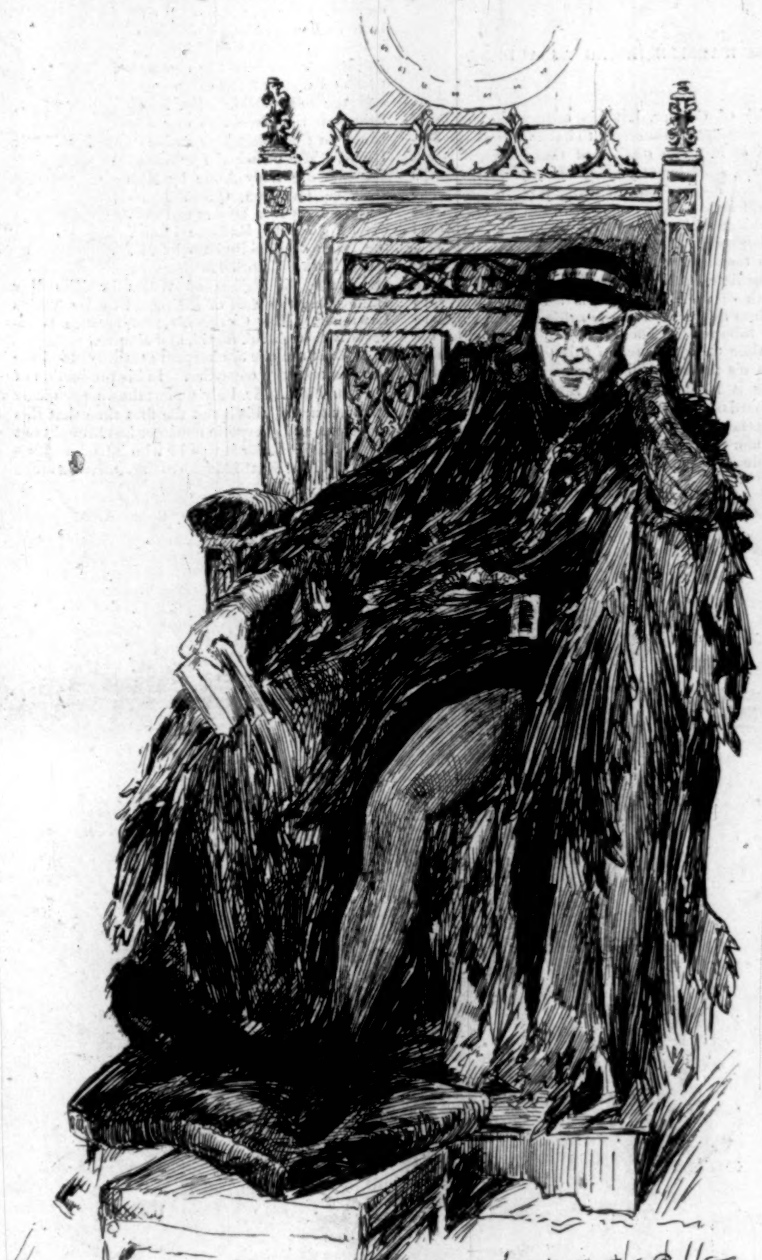


MAY HAINES AND ISA BOWMAN AS THE TWO PRINCES.

THE stage in New York city has seldom made such an interesting manifestation as it makes at present of the resources of dramatic and scenic art as applied to the works of Shakespeare. *As You Like It* has been produced at Daly's Theatre, with Miss Ada Rehan as Rosalind. *Richard the Third* has been produced at Palmer's Theatre, with Mr. Mansfield as Gloster. *Twelfth Night* has been produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with Miss Marie Wainwright as Viola. In each case the effort has been made to give the play not only a correct and impressive stage setting, but an intellectual, sympathetic, and adequate interpretation. These three presentations of Shakespeare came simultaneously, and have progressed side by side, and all of them have prospered. The successful result of this form of theatrical enterprise is a denotement equally of potential artistic achievement and of popular appreciation.

The audience for the best things in art has always been a small audience. Milton described it as fit though few. It may be doubted whether the public ever attends a Shakespearian performance, or any performance, in the first instance, for the sake of its artistic merit. An extraneous allurement of some sort must first exist to awaken public interest. When once the attention of the community is obtained, the artistic charm may suffice to hold it. Mr. Mansfield was a long time in building up his personal reputation; in diffusing knowledge of the fact that he is an exceptional actor; in convincing the people that whatever he undertakes to do will be done in a unique manner—a manner marked by distinctive and piquant attributes—and therefore will be worthy of regard. He was a public performer for many years before he gained his first great success with the remarkable embodiment of Chevrial in *A Parisian Romance.* He supplemented that with his ghastly, terrible, pathetic, and darkly imaginative impersonation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and with that achievement his preparatory work was complete. The community might not, and probably would not, have cared to see Shakespeare's tragedy of *Richard the Third.* It is a boisterous and repulsive play, and it has never been popular. Certainly no considerable "business" has ever been done with it except for brief periods, with Edmund Kean, G. F. Cooke, and the elder and younger Booth; but no sooner did Mr. Mansfield announce himself as Gloster than the public mind became excited with an eager desire to see him play it. He first acted the part in London, at the Globe Theatre, about a year ago, and subsequently returning to America, which is his home, he began his present theatrical season with it last October, in Boston. Mr. Mansfield, it should be said, has had his career on the English as well as on the American stage. He was born in Heligoland, and is the son of the once famous vocalist Madame Rudersdorf. But practically he is an American, and his rank is with American actors.

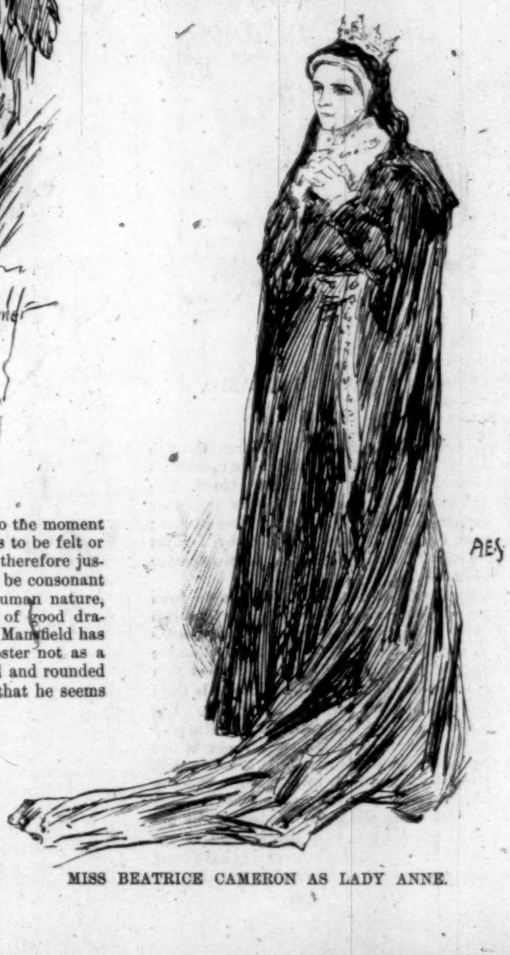
In choosing his characters for the stage, Mr. Mansfield has hitherto acted upon a principle which eventually he will be constrained to abandon. He has ignored the element of human sympathy. The types of human nature that he has chosen to depict are, in the main, obnoxious types. No actor has ever yet succeeded in holding a high and permanent place in the regard of mankind through the assumption of monsters. An actor may momentarily startle and thrill the human heart in such characters as Iago, Iachimo, Ludovico, Pescara, and Sir Giles Overreach, but he cannot permanently hold it in them. If his fame is to be universal, genuine, and continuous, he must inspire affection as well as admiration. It is not a question of desert; it is a question of radical law. Edwin Booth's great fame, for example, was not gained in Iago—of which part his embodiment is peerless—but in Hamlet and Richelieu and King Lear. Jefferson's consummate victory was won not with coarse, eccentric comicalities, such as Shingle and Batkins and Paul Pry, but with the poetical and lovable character of Rip Van Winkle. An actor who possesses them will always be admired for his genius and his artistic capacity; but the extent, continuity, and growth of his success, making him an integral part of the vital experience of his time, depend on his assumption of characters that are sympathetic. The late John Gilbert gave a marvellous performance of Caliban; but this community knew and admired and loved him, not for his Caliban, but for his Dornton, Sir Peter Teazle, and Jesse Rural. Henry Irving gives a great embodiment of Louis XI.; but his place in the hearts of this generation was gained by his performances of Mathias, Lesurques, Hamlet, and Dr. Primrose. Mr. Mansfield has now gained the public eye and the public confidence. No other young actor stands in a more auspicious attitude toward the tragic stage and the society by which it is valued and sustained. But Mr. Mansfield will surely find that he cannot successfully restrict himself to the representation of demons.



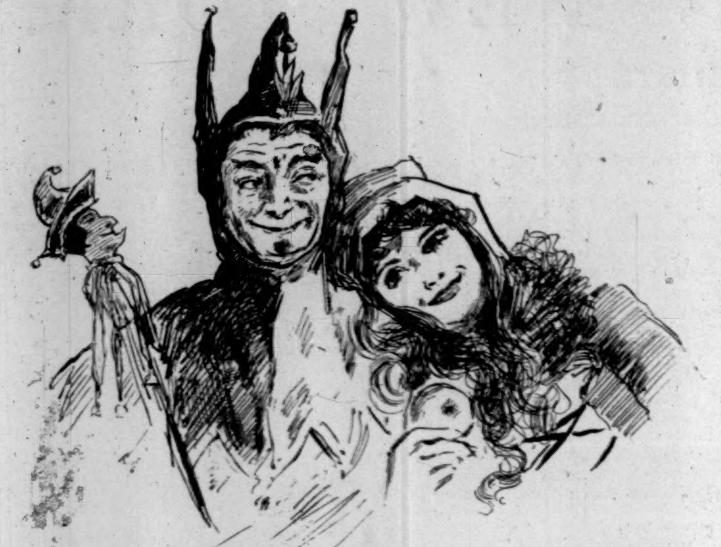
RICHARD MANSFIELD AS RICHARD III.

His choice of Shakespeare's Gloster, however, viewed in the light of his peculiar and exceptional treatment of that character, was a step in the right direction. He seems to have recognized instinctively the need that exists of presenting this character not simply as hateful, but also as pitiable. He does not obscure or soften its enormity; but he has tried by a strong accentuation of Richard's remorse, and by a vigorous and pathetic portrayal of the struggle between good and evil in this man's soul, to make him, to a certain extent, an object of compassion. His work is meant to be the portraiture of a man, and not of a malignant reptile. It may be that this ideal is somewhat inharmonious with Shakespeare's conception. But *Richard the Third* is not one of Shakespeare's most definite tragedies. Its style is diffuse and vagrant. It makes a wild jumble of historic events. It distorts facts and builds largely on rumors and surmises. It does not express the poet's conception of Richard's character with absolute and incessant distinctness. It makes Richard describe himself in such terms that if he were taken at his word, and depicted according to his own description, he would appear as a hideous combination of Quasimodo and Quilp. Its greatest dramatic effect is dependent on the operation of remorse in the soul of a murderer, and yet it leaves even the most studious of its readers completely in the dark as to the moment when the remorse of Gloster begins to be felt or to affect his conduct. The actor is therefore justified in forming an ideal that shall be consonant with a sound general theory of human nature, and that can be made productive of good dramatic effects. This is all that Mr. Mansfield has ventured to do. He presents Gloster not as a character that is entirely developed and rounded (as it must, however, be admitted that he seems to be in Shakespeare), but as a character that is being developed; and he makes Gloster's mental and spiritual perturbation almost coincident with his commission of the crimes that mark his course. This is the distinctive novelty of Mr. Mansfield's embodiment. He has arranged the piece, in five acts, partly according to the original, and partly according to the plan that was adopted by Cibber. His book is not so good a one—because not so faithful to Shakespeare, and not so conservative of the pivotal effects and splendid passages of the original piece—as that which was made by Edwin Booth about fourteen years ago; yet it is a good book, scholar-like and practical. He introduces Gloster at the age of nineteen, in the year 1471; and thereafter he intimates lapses of time, denoting their effect by certain changes in Gloster's aspect and demeanor, and presents him later, at thirty and thirty-three. By this means he is enabled to win attention not only to Gloster's deeds, but to the emotions that commingle and contend in his soul.

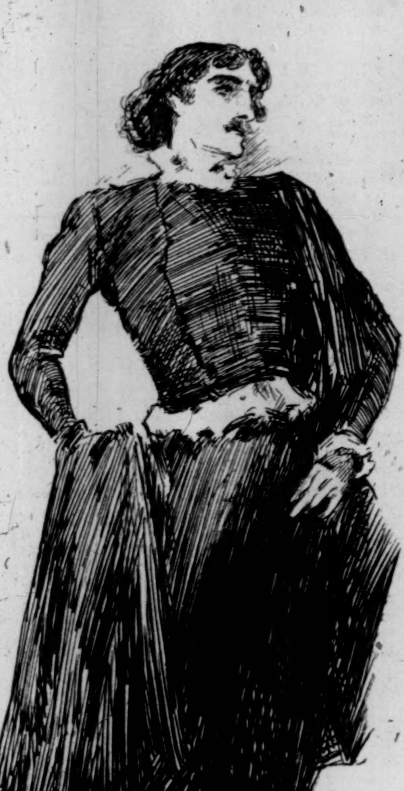
No previous actor has done this, in the whole long history of Shakespeare's play, the invariable custom having been to make the character all alacrity, expedition, infernal self-poise, and deadly will, until the ghost scene on the night before Bosworth Field, and then suddenly to display it in agony and collapse. Edmund Kean, to be sure, introduced the weird and blood-curdling effect of dark presentiments in the king's mood just before the tent scene, and Edwin Booth, by a subtle and magnificent stroke of genius, indicated the beginning of Richard's discomfiture as coincident with his audit of his mother's curse (in the fourth scene of Act IV. in the original piece). But the stage custom has been the presentation of a concrete character, finished and continually in rapid action, and not a character unfolding itself, with the concomitants of physical alteration, under the pressure of experience. The stage Richard of the past was a specious hypocrite, a sardonic scoffer, and a resolute, cruel, and "sudden" brute. His cool and glittering malice and his smiling treachery were almost comical, but he never became interesting as a man till just before the end of his career. Mr. Mansfield, without ceasing to present him as a hypocrite, a scoffer, and a miscreant, has tried to present him all the way through as a man. There may not be positive and absolute authority for this in the original text of Shakespeare, yet it ought to be remembered that the drift of that text is not definite. Besides, the justification of an actor's method must be sought in the effect it produces. Mr. Mansfield's treatment of the part abates its impetuosity during the earlier scenes, and this is a defective result; but during the later scenes—in fact, from an early point in the progress of the story—it insures for his embodiment of this haunted murderer the human interest that might naturally follow a man who is haggard in suffering no less than nimble in crime. The performance is somewhat deficient in superficial animation. This Richard does not "bustle," and is not sufficiently the man of whom it is so significantly said that "ills by him but thought are half performed." But the performance is deeply and darkly freighted with the portraiture of introspection, and with the thrilling and informing aspects of a human experience at once terrible and pathetic. Mr. Mansfield has contrived a scene in the throne-room just after the king is apprised that his nephews have been murdered which is at once weird, grim, and touching in its portrayal of the lonely anguish of victorious crime, and which, alike in its plan and



MISS BEATRICE CAMERON AS LADY ANNE.



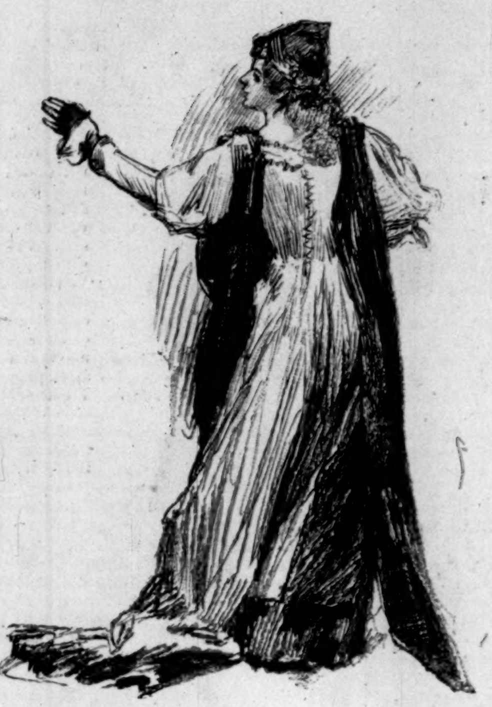
JAMES LEWIS AS TOUCHSTONE, AND MISS ISABELLE IRVING AS AUDREY.



JOHN DREW AS ORLANDO.

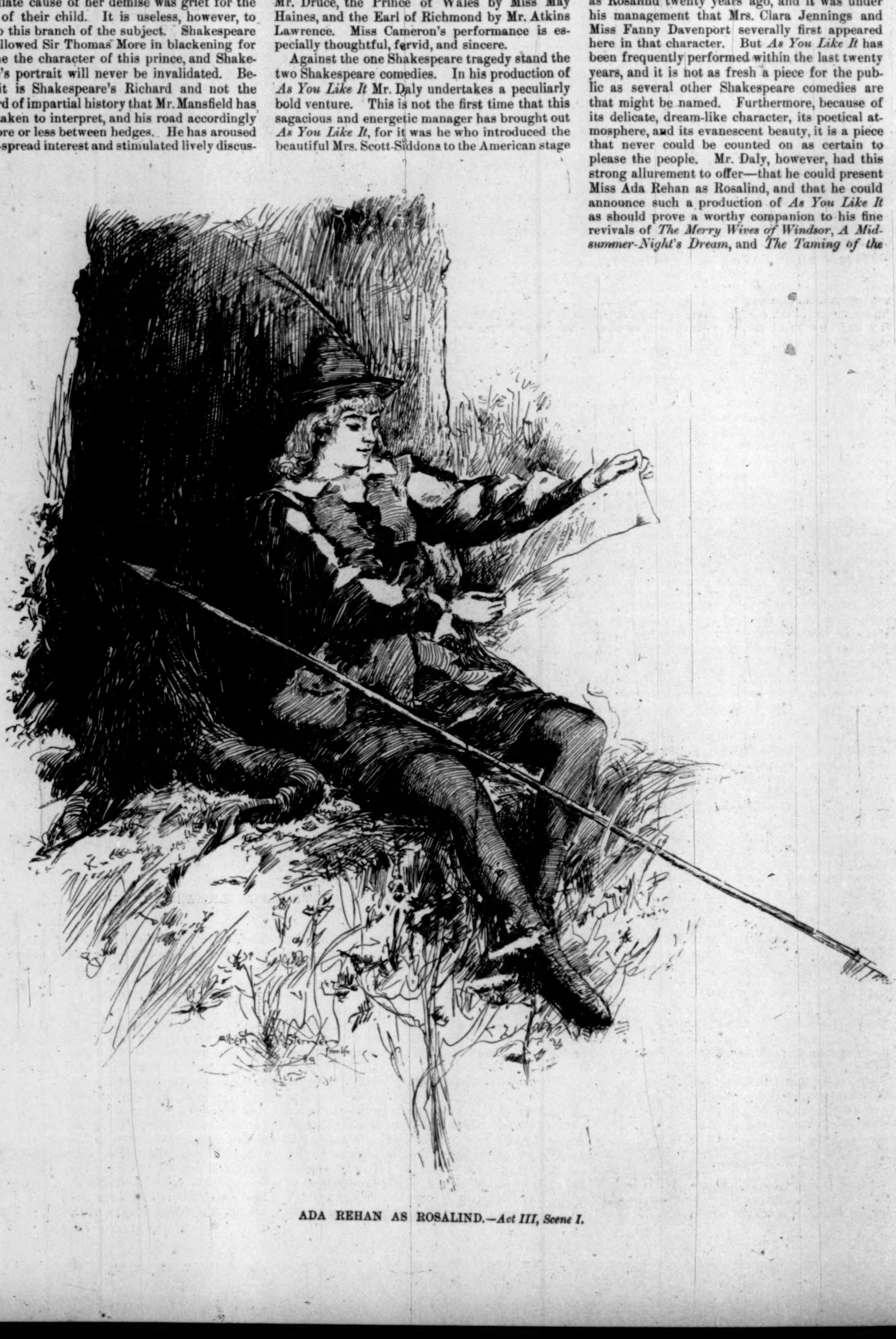
its details, is worthy of an actor of the most subtle insight and the finest executive power. The subsequent dream scene, wherein the king lies asleep, writhing in agony, while the dim ghosts of his victims drift upon the misty air through the tents of his midnight camp, comes as the natural sequence of this convulsive visitation of terror and remorse, when in the darkening hall of state a single ray of sunset light pierces through the tall Gothic window and smites the monarch's hand with the malediction of innocent blood. The frenzied awakening, likewise, when, as played by Mr. Mansfield, Richard for one horrible moment mistakes the literal figure of Catesby for yet another spectre, is likewise in the direct sequence of this exposition.

Mr. Mansfield has not hesitated to borrow from a more authentic history of Richard's life than that which is intertwined with Shakespeare's tragedy certain side-lights with which to illumine his image of the slandered king. His great sigh of sorrow when saying that Queen Anne is dead is meant to denote the bereavement of love. But this is not warranted in Shakespeare. The play cannot be squared with history. There is not the slightest evidence, for example, to prove that Henry the Sixth was slain by Richard. There is not the slightest evidence to prove that Clarence—who indeed was tried and condemned by his peers—did not die a natural death when he expired in the Tower. And whatever may have been the fate of the sons of Edward, it was not the Duke of Gloster, but his enemy the Duke of Buckingham, who seems to have been at the bottom of it. The mother of those boys, it is not denied, subsequently placed herself in Richard's power—coming out of sanctuary, wherein she might safely have remained—and agreed to the marriage of her daughter with his son, who died in boyhood. And as to Anne Neville, it is certain that Richard loved her dearly, and that the immediate cause of her demise was grief for the death of their child. It is useless, however, to go into this branch of the subject. Shakespeare has followed Sir Thomas More in blackening for all time the character of this prince, and Shakespeare's portrait will never be invalidated. Besides it is Shakespeare's Richard and not the Richard of impartial history that Mr. Mansfield has undertaken to interpret, and his road accordingly lies more or less between hedges. He has aroused a wide-spread interest and stimulated lively discussion, and this is not confined to the circles of Shakespearian scholarship. The production is eminently one that was intended for the people. It contains fourteen scenes, no one of which is over-long, and these are set in eleven stage pictures of great beauty, painted by William Telbin, Bruce Smith, and E. G. Banks. The opening scene, in which no words are spoken, is a picturesque and spirited view of the Tower of London, gorgeous in brilliant morning sunshine, with its gay standards streaming in the fresh summer breeze, while a richly diversified procession, escorting Elizabeth, queen of Edward IV., enters beneath its grim embattled gate. Throughout the piece English architecture of the fifteenth century is copied with great fidelity. The wooing of Lady Anne is shown to occur in a sweetly pastoral bit of the road toward Chertsey, the city of London, with old St. Paul's spire, being dimly visible in the distance. The state chambers are massive and opulent, and a profound effect of haunted gloom and grisly menace has been created in the composition and color of the camp scene and the battle-field. Mr. Mansfield ends the piece with a combat based on the spirited narrative of Hume. The principal features of the cast are Lady Anne by Miss Beatrice Cameron, Queen Elizabeth by Miss Ada Dyas, the Duchess of York by Madame Ponisi, the Duke of Buckingham by Mr. D. H. Harkins, Lord Hastings by Mr. Druce, the Prince of Wales by Miss May Haines, and the Earl of Richmond by Mr. Atkins Lawrence. Miss Cameron's performance is especially thoughtful, fervid, and sincere.

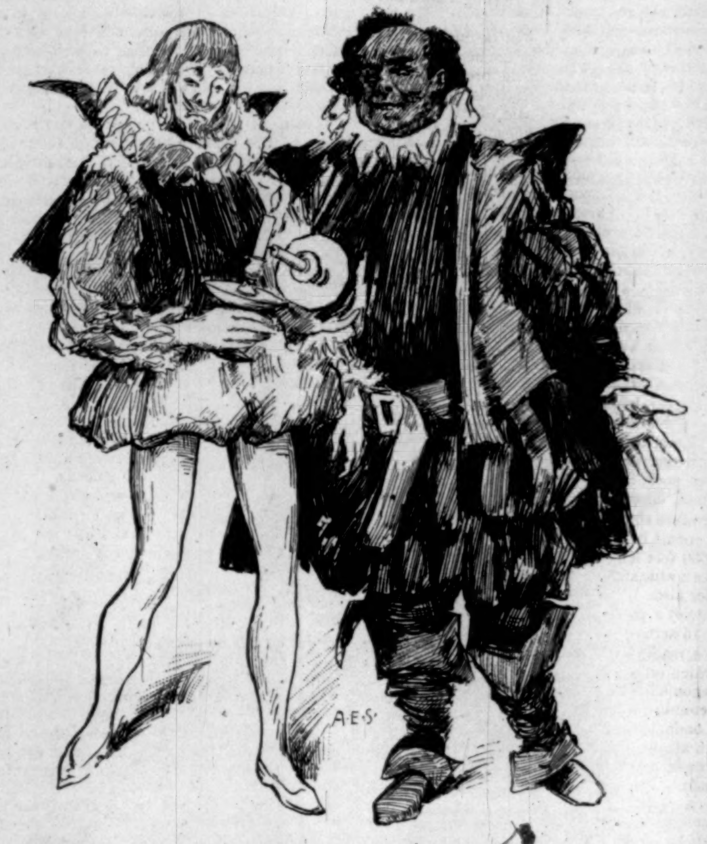


ADA REHAN AS ROSALIND.—*Act I.*

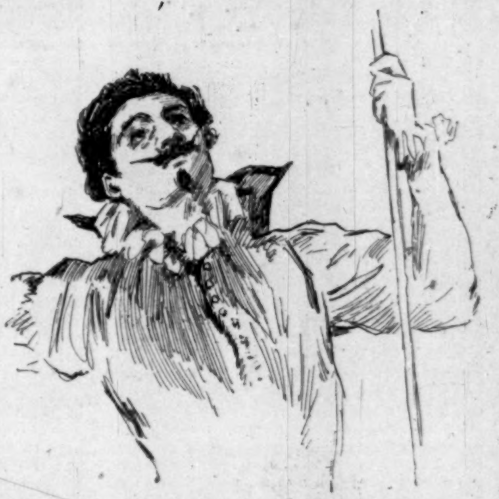
Against the one Shakespeare tragedy stand the two Shakespeare comedies. In his production of *As You Like It* Mr. Daly undertakes a peculiarly bold venture. This is not the first time that this sagacious and energetic manager has brought out *As You Like It*, for it was he who introduced the beautiful Mrs. Scott-Siddons to the American stage as Rosalind twenty years ago, and it was under his management that Mrs. Clara Jennings and Miss Fanny Davenport severally first appeared here in that character. But *As You Like It* has been frequently performed within the last twenty years, and it is not as fresh a piece for the public as several other Shakespeare comedies are that might be named. Furthermore, because of its delicate, dream-like character, its poetical atmosphere, and its evanescent beauty, it is a piece that never could be counted on as certain to please the people. Mr. Daly, however, had this strong allurement to offer—that he could present Miss Ada Rehan as Rosalind, and that he could announce such a production of *As You Like It* as should prove a worthy companion to his fine revivals of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and *The Taming of the*



ADA REHAN AS ROSALIND.—*Act III, Scene I.*

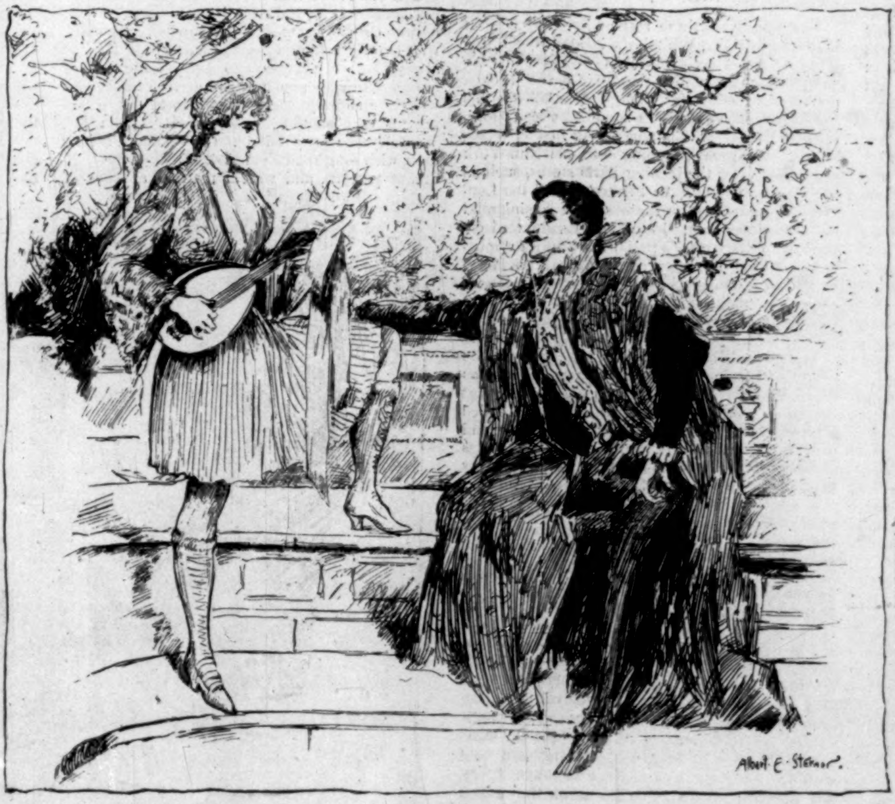


WILLIAM F. OWEN AS SIR TOBY BELCH, AND PERCY BROOKE AS SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.



BARTON HILL AS MALVOLIO, *TWELFTH NIGHT.*

Shrew. His proclamation proved amply efficacious. The desire to see Miss Rehan as Rosalind was general and eager, and once seen his presentation of this delicious pastoral play was found to be invested with altogether exceptional attributes of novel charm, and therefore a spectacle to be witnessed as often as possible. For the first time in its history this piece has been dressed in one invariable garb of spring. The spectator sees no color that is not soft, tender, and pleasing; hears no sound that is not glad; and apprehends nothing but jollity. No mournful sentiment of exile is permitted to tinge those free and airy forest scenes with even a fleeting shadow of regret. No "melancholy Jaques," substituting ponderous solemnity for quizzical cynicism, is allowed to drench the happy foresters of Arden with the oratorical sonority of a funeral sermon. Even the old English melodies that are interspersed through the piece are slightly quickened so that they may not strike the chord of sadness. Since the object of the play, howsoever intertwined with a purpose of whimsical pleasantry, is the exposition of righteous and fortunate love, since the current of it ripples along in a silver rivulet of mirth, and since the culmination of it is absolute happiness, nothing in the stage investiture or treatment of it should be even momentarily chilled with sorrow. This is the ground-plan of the revival, and this plan has been perfectly accomplished. Not a single false note occurs, unless it be the epilogue—which does not sound like Shakespeare—which was written for a boy to speak, and which is but a paltry tag to such a lovely play. Certain rank lines usually spoken by Touchstone are omitted. That ancient blemish "The Cuckoo Song," which was foisted upon this piece in Garrick's time, has been removed, while all the music for which Shakespeare provided is retained. The two pages appear and sing for Touchstone "There was a Lover and his Lass." The passages descriptive of Jaques and the "poor sequesterd stag" are restored to the First Lord, and are spoken in their proper place. An actor and not merely a gymnast is cast for Charles the Wrestler. Much new and felicitous stage business is interpolated. The second act is ended with the song of the winter wind. And by a skilful blending of set pieces with panorama the effect is secured of boundless extent and opulent luxuriance in the breezy clearings and sun-dappled glades of the fanciful forest of Arden.


Albert E. Sterner.

MARIE WAINWRIGHT AS VIOLA, AND FREDERIC ROSS AS THE DUKE.

With the single exception of Lady Macbeth, no woman in Shakespeare is so much in controversy as Rosalind. The character is thought to be almost unattainable, and for an actress to attempt Rosalind who has never yet played the part is deemed an act of temerity. An ideal that is lofty, but at the same time is vague, seems to possess the Shakespeare scholar, accompanied by the profound conviction that it never can be fulfilled. Only a few actresses have obtained ample recognition as Rosalind, chief among them being Mrs. Pritchard, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Dancer, Dora Jordan, Louisa Nesbitt, Helen Faucit, Ellen Tree, Mrs Barrow, Rose Coghlan, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Mrs. Langtry, Miss Litton, and Mary Anderson. Others have attempted it, but with no appreciable advantage of result. There are obvious difficulties in the way of giving a fine performance of Rosalind; and yet the character is not obscure. Shakespeare built the comedy of *As You Like It* upon the basis of a romance, partly in prose and partly in verse, by his contemporary, Thomas Lodge (it was published in 1592, dedicated to the Lord of Hunsdon), called, "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacy: Found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra: Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes nursed up with their Father in England." In that book he found the story that he has told in his play, elevating it, and adding to it the characters of Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, and Sir Oliver Mar-text. That story of a wild girl frolicking in the woods suggested to his imagination the image of the unconventional woman whom all free-minded men adore. The charm of Rosalind is her gypsy charm. She is young, handsome, pure, merry, and noble, and beneath a sparkling outside of nimble wit, smiling levity, and amiably satirical banter she veils a passionate temperament, sensitive to every fine impulse and every lovely influence. The reason why she is not more often embodied in a competent and enthralling manner is that her enchanting quality is something that cannot be assumed—it must be possessed; it must exist in the fibre of the individual, and its expression will then be spontaneous. Art can accomplish much, but it cannot supply the inherent captivation that constitutes the puissance of Rosalind. Miss Ada Rehan has made a brilliant hit in the part, first, because she possesses this quality, and, secondly, because the method of her art is the fluent method of natural grace. She does not try to be anything more than a woman. She does not grope after abstract meanings. She dashes into the woodland frolic in a mood of gleeful happiness; and the image of buoyant womanhood that she embodies is sweetly reckless, because absolutely innocent as well as ardently impetuous. The performance is marked by incessant movement and sparkle, and yet it does not become monotonous or insincere, because it is so continuously fraught with suggestiveness of the pure, wholesome, simple, happy, and bounteous nature that is beneath it. Those courtship passages in the forest, wherein the boy plays the woman, drag wearily when the Rosalind is not the actual woman of Shakespeare's dream. In Miss Rehan's hands they run with the sparkle of the brook in springtime. Her spirit is in the personation, and her spirit brims over with its affluence equally of feeling and of frolic. Rosalind is not one of the cold experimental women who stop short with wishing to be loved; she is herself a lover, and the crowning ecstasy of her beautiful life comes in that golden hour when at length she is sure of Orlando's fidelity. Few emotions that women feel are of a more sacred character than this one that must be experienced and conveyed by the representative of Shakespeare's favorite heroine. Miss Rehan has obtained a great and lasting success in her art because she rises naturally to the height of this character and sustains herself easily at that poise. The excellence of the impersonation will of course be disputed at first; but this is only another sign of its merit. Such a work cannot be injured by the shafts of detraction. It passes into the history of the stage, and it will abide there.

The popularity of *As You Like It* at Daly's Theatre has been enhanced by the associate performances of Orlando by Mr. John Drew, Jaques by Mr. George Clarke, Adam by Mr. Charles Fisher, Touchstone by Mr. James Lewis, the exiled Duke by Mr. Charles Wheatleigh, Sylvius by Mr. Frederick Bond, and Celia by Miss Henrietta Crossman. The idea of Jaques as a blasé man, a dreamer, and a cynical moralist who is done with the world except to rail at it, was perfectly conveyed by Mr. Clarke, whose audience had the luxury of hearing that fine speech on the seven ages of man spoken as if in a half-unconscious mood of thinking aloud, and not with the pomp and flourish of declamation. Celia also is rightly and effectively acted by Miss Crossman. It is in Celia, and not in Rosalind, that Shakespeare has, according to the text of the original, given the slightly carnal touch of physical exuberance. She is fine, but she is not of the fine strain of Rosalind. When Garrick revived this piece she was cast to Kitty Clive, whose strong point certainly was not sentiment. Celia needs force, mischief, and animal piquancy. Miss Crossman expresses perfectly well her tantalizing disposition and her satirical gayety of mood. The dry humor of James Lewis is harmonious with Touchstone, and this fine comedian, as thoughtful as he is droll, has given a true image of the wag in motley who uses his folly as a stalking-horse, and shoots from behind it the arrows of his wisdom. Mr. Drew's impersonation of Orlando will be remembered as a form of grace and sentiment, picturesque in moving and impetuous in spirit, and carried with the easy skill of a trained comedian. The musical part of this revival is delicious.

In his comedy of *Twelfth Night* Shakespeare takes a stronger grasp upon common life than he does in *As You Like It.* The scene is no longer the forest of Arden; it is the city and the court. The poetic ideal of sweet, tender, and melancholy loveliness in woman could not, indeed, be more amply and beautifully expressed than it is in the character of Viola; but the predominant types of human nature in this comedy are humorous types, and these are wonderfully rich and strong. When Adelaide Neilson was alive to play Viola, her exceptional temperament—in which passion and glee contended like the cloud and sunshine of an April day—enabled her to animate the scenes of sentiment with an enthralling charm such as no puissance of humor could eclipse. While she was on the stage she riveted every gaze, and when she was absent from it her audience thought of her and wished for her return. This peculiar power has not been manifested in this part by any other representative of it, and it is not possessed by Miss Marie Wainwright, who plays it now. The embodiment of Viola that is given by this pleasing actress commends itself to sympathy and admiration by physical beauty, by demure grace of demeanor, by a certain meek dignity and coy reserve, and by lingering sweetness of speech. Yet somehow the child-like simplicity of manner does not create a perfect illusion, although it is well assumed and well sustained. But altogether the practical result is that in Miss Marie Wainwright's revival of *Twelfth Night*, the humorous scenes—the scenes which implicate Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, the Clown, and Malvolio—come into the front of the picture and remain there. Sir Toby Belch, formidable though festive, is made the very genius of rosy revel by Mr. William Owen, an actor whose personality and whose artistic faculty and resource convey a cheering intimation that the old-fashioned unctuousness of humor has not yet wholly vanished from the stage. Malvolio is depicted as equally a pitiable and a ludicrous type of self-love, and therefore is depicted right. Mr. Barton Hill makes him a man of austere character, scrupulous outward propriety, wedded to formal routine, and in dead earnest.

Unusual care has been taken in the embellishment of *Twelfth Night*, and Miss Wainwright will offer it to the public view in many cities throughout the United States. Mr. Mansfield's magnificent production of *Richard the Third* is also to be shown in other cities; and when Mr. Daly takes his dramatic company to Europe, as he intends to do next summer, it is probable that he will present *As You Like It* in London. These three simultaneous Shakespeare revivals in New York are manifestly such as justify a thoughtful consideration of their spirit and influence. Movements of this kind in the dramatic field contemplate the gratification of a high order of public taste and minister to the instruction as well as the recreation of the people. They ought to meet with encouragement, since in their progress the good time may arrive when the true function of the stage will be more widely appreciated than it is in this period, and when intelligent beings will be ashamed to say that they go to the theatre simply to be amused.

SHOPPING IN LONDON.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE charm that ladies find in shopping exists for them in London quite as much as in Paris or in New York, but the conditions are almost wholly different. The shops of London are in the main the little stores that we had in New York before the war. There are a few large shopping stores, such as Whiteley's and the Army and Navy stores, the Civil Service Co-operative stores, and two or three other and smaller ones, but London has no such stores as New York either in extent or number or attractiveness. In fact, one comes back to New York with the certain conviction that it is the shoppers' paradise. The fascination for American ladies who shop in London lies in the bewildering displays in the shop windows. The rule that obtains in the great stores of New York is exactly reversed in the small shops of London. Here some large shopping stores display absolutely nothing to passers-by, and those large stores whose windows are dressed show only the latest novelties or most tempting bargains. But in London everything is heaped in the shop windows.

There is nothing in America to liken to a typical London shop window. It is heaped or hung or packed with the most extraordinary number and variety of objects. Some windows are fitted with hanging shelves that mount from the bottom to the top of the enclosure, and all are loaded with goods, while racks or lines of hooks at the sides of the window fill those spaces also. As a rule, the price is plainly marked on a ticket on each article. These remarkable exhibitions convey the idea that since there is such a variety exposed, the line of goods in the store must be absolutely complete and bewildering. The shopper soon learns better. Usually there is nothing on the shelves or in the show-cases of which a sample is not to be seen in the window. To illustrate this, suppose you wished to buy scissors, or a silver pencil, or a lady's "Albert"—as they call a lady's fob chain. You would go into the shop that displayed the greatest variety of the article you wanted. Ten to one, when you went in and asked to see what they had in that line, the clerk would reach into the window and take out the very board or box or string of things that attracted your attention in the street. He would have no others to show you.

But there are great shopping stores there, and it is the mission of this chapter to describe the greatest of them all, that of William Whiteley, "the Universal Provider." It is often called "the largest store in the world," and so it is in more than one way. Accurately speaking, it may not be unique in size, but it is absolutely unparalleled in the variety of enterprises that its proprietor conducts. They said to me in Whiteley's that we had at least one equally great shopping establishment in America; and whether it was due to their modesty or their ignorance, they left it to me to discover that neither in America nor anywhere else is there any commercial establishment that approaches that store in the multitude of businesses, often widely separated in character, that is carried on under its roofs.

Whiteley undertakes to care for British army officers in whatsoever part of the world they may be quartered, sending them furniture, bedding, table-ware, servants, clothing, or food if they want it. What he does for them he also does for any one else who orders it. It is part of his business to supply everything required for a ball, be it in England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland. It is left to him to wax the floors, send the street awnings, music, servants, cooks, food, table-ware, crash, orders of dancing, carriages, hair-dressers—everything. He fits out picnic parties, hunting parties, dinner parties, sailing or fishing parties in the same way. If you wish to give a theatrical entertainment in any part of the three kingdoms, all the worry you need give yourself is that which is attendant upon ordering what you want and paying for it; all the rest Whiteley will do. He rents or sends out marionettes, magic lanterns, and Punch and Judy shows; and the men to operate them, concert troupes, vocalists, orchestras and bands, conjurers, ventriloquists, and negro minstrels, performing dogs, cats, monkeys, and mice, equilibrists, and lecturers. You may order a lecture by an Oxford graduate if you wish. That item is down in his list. He sells fireworks. He keeps for hire as well as sale such paraphernalia for all sorts of routs and festivities, as lanterns, trophies, platforms, marquees, tents, tables, chairs, awnings, and flags. I suspect that when living entertainers are ordered, Mr. Whiteley sends out and gets them, but it amounts to the same thing as if he boarded and lodged them in his store.

He fits out persons for voyages to and residence in Africa, South America, New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and the United States. For the latter country he puts up "revolvers, a revolver belt and pouches, a hunting knife, and a portable bath." Our little boys who read dime novels and run away to fight Indians afterward should order their outfits from Whiteley if possible.

Every one knows what Bath-chairs are, though we do not make use of them in America. They are exaggerated baby carriages that are pulled instead of being pushed, and in which aged persons, invalids, fops of both sexes, and lazy folks can be trundled about in city and in country. Whiteley keeps them for sale or for hire. He also provides men to pull them. He maintains a bank of deposit for his employés and the public. Five per cent. interest is paid to depositors, and seven days' notice is required for the withdrawal of an account. The bank is in the same section of his store as his office and counting-house, and here also he carries on the businesses of an intelligence office for the hiring out of servants, an agency for the renting of houses, an insurance office, a coal office, a money exchange, and an auction department. The lost property and general information bureaus of the great store are also here.

Whiteley will move your furniture for you, or he will rent you and your wife the clothing and dresses you may need to make yourself presentable at your rich uncle's house in the country, or at a ball, a wedding, a christening, or a funeral.

I asked if it was a fact that one could order a husband or a wife at Whiteley's, and was told that both had more than once been provided for eccentric customers.

"It will not seem so strange when you know how it is done," said the gentleman I addressed. "We get letters from women who want husbands, and from men who want wives. We put the couples into communication with one another, and marriages sometimes result, that is all."

Whiteley sells a great many of the parts that go to make up a house. For instance, he keeps on hand sills, doors, mantels, chimney-pieces, stained glass, hangings, all interior wood-work, baths, sinks, every appurtenance of plumbing, balusters, elevators, furnaces, iron fences, wood floors, complete stable fittings, wall-paper, lamps, gasoliers, and a thousand other requisites for a city or country house. He even advertises to build the garden walls of masonry, which, in England, are used as we use fences in our cities.

You may go confidently to Whiteley's to order your walls papered, to buy pictures, or to have them mounted or framed, to have the plumbing in your house or store attended to, to order dyeing or scouring, to get your dinner, or to have your photograph taken.

He keeps a railway and tourist office, and hair-dressing and barber shops for ladies and gentlemen, and there is direct and close communication between his store and the post and telegraph offices. He does all his own printing, and, by-the-way, his catalogue is a book of about 2600 pages of fine print and necessary illustrations. The only periodical publication in London that exceeds it in size is the London Directory.

Mr. Whiteley employs five thousand persons in the busiest season of the year, and three-quarters as many constantly. He finds that it pays to board and lodge the unmarried ones, and two thousand of his employés live upon his premises. These are lodged in thirty-six houses and a dormitory, the sexes being separated at night. All are prompted to provide recreation for themselves in such ways as are suggested by the fact that a so-called "institute" is maintained by them. There they hear music and lectures, and may read and study. They give an annual garden party and a concert or two every year, and thus make the institute self-supporting. They have organized cricket, rowing, cycling, tennis, and dramatic clubs. For their annual games it used to be necessary to rent grounds, but this year a field has been purchased for them, and they hold their yearly sports together. This is what they eat in one day:

Fresh meat	1300 lbs	Currants	20 lbs
Bacon and ham	100 "	Rice	30 "
Flour	1 sack	Fish	50 "
Bread	550 loaves	Poultry	30 "
Butter	150 lbs	Ale	198 gallons
Eggs	300	Porter	54 "
Tea	60 lbs	Milk	75 "
Coffee	30 "	Potatoes	10 sacks
Loaf-sugar	150 "	Greens	22 bushels
Moist sugar	50 "	Parsnips	2 "
Cheese	70 "		

But despite all these respect-inspiring, almost incredible details, Whiteley's is a disappointing place to an American. This Colossus among shop-keepers has neither the American nor French genius and instinct for display. He belittles his business quite as much as some American store-keepers exaggerate the true extent of their operations. Our great shopping stores in New York are copied after the leading Paris stores, such as the Bon Marché and Au Printemps and the Louvre. These are vast businesses carried on in grand and sometimes palatial buildings constructed especially for them, and especially to impress the beholder. But "Whiteley, the Universal Provider," as he calls himself, has a mere aggregation of shops, that make it seem as if what Topsy says of herself in Mrs. Stowe's novel is just as true concerning his business, both have "just growed."

You go to Whiteley's from Charing Cross, the centre of London, by a long journey—as long as from Madison Square to Harlem. The great shopping bazar is in a district of London called Bayswater—a residence district like Harlem, and provided, as Harlem is, with a distinct business and shopping centre of its own. The best way to go is on top of a 'bus, for your route takes you through the busiest and most fashionable shopping streets, so that you see nearly all the world-famous stores before you come to Bayswater. But for a visitor to London the same advice always holds good. No matter where you want to go, or of which sex you are, take the top of a 'bus, unless you are in a hurry.

The first appurtenance of Whiteley's that you see is a flag waving from a mast 150 feet high above his Queen's Road buildings. In another instant you discover that the block of shops before you on the street you are riding in (Westbourne Grove it is called) all bear the name Whiteley over their doors on golden signs. Each shop displays in its window the sort of goods sold within. Each shop, or store, as we would say, has a separate doorway on the street, but a passageway running through them all midway between the front and back walls connects them. These stores have counters on either side, with the goods in show-cases and on shelves along the walls. Nearly all have tables between the counters, and nearly all are far too small for the business transacted in them. The ceilings are very low, and usually valuable space is taken up by stairways leading to other stores on the second story. These upper and lower floors are, in the main, utilized systematically. If the lower ground-floor shop contains men's clothing, the one above is certain to contain boys' clothing. If the lower room is the millinery store, the upper one will be the milliners' work-room, and so on. These separate shops result in one great gain to the public—customers are served expeditiously. The clerk who sells you anything at once wraps it up, and as there is a cashier tucked away in a little closet in each shop, money is quickly changed, and sent to and fro either by cash messengers or the clerks. But the system is not to the advantage of the proprietor, for no one is impressed by what he or she sees of the business; no one can take it all in at a glance either outside or within, as is the case with similar stores in Paris, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. Then, again, in Whiteley's there is too much crowding, too great use of artificial light, and too pressing a need for better ventilation.

Some of the shops are not to be included in this criticism, however, for they are superb. You come upon them, in a tour of the premises, with astonishment and delight. Such is the candy store, and the store for the sale of cut flowers, plants, and floral designs is a fine one. The latter contains an aquarium and fountain where are kept for sale water-plants, frogs, goldfish, and the like. Close by is the zoological store, filled with dogs, rabbits, cats, parrots, pigeons, squirrels, and I don't know what else. Here you may order an elephant or a tiger with a certainty of getting either, and promptly. The grocery store is a very large, light, and sweet-odored department. The pretty girls in white caps and aprons behind the counters are especially selected on account of their beauty as well as ability. The goods in the grocery are displayed as if the room were a show-place instead of a store. Near at hand is the butcher's, pork butcher's, and fish dealer's department, and this also is as fine as any store of the sort in America. Marble is conspicuous in its appointments. Here are sold fresh meats, fish, sausages, pork, cold cooked meats, potted meats, vegetables, cheese, and bacon. The display in the furniture shop is worth going far to see. One of the rooms in which furniture is shown measures 500 feet long by 45 feet wide. Whiteley's includes a wine and liquor department, and several factories also.

Whiteley's contains 67 of these departments. It has 15 acres of flooring, exclusive of the dormitories, reading, and recreation rooms, and Institute, which occupy another 5½ acres. The stables and wagon sheds take up another 9½ acres. The proprietor has a farm of 300 acres at Finchley, near London, so that his business requires 330 acres in all. He has taken nearly an entire little street to house his female help apart from the men and boys, who are lodged on his Queen's Road property. It is over the stores on that street that he flaunts his flag from the towering staff that all London knows as well as we New-Yorkers know the shot-tower near the City Hall. The employés' restaurants, packing and shipping departments, boilers and engines, mailing departments, and the great rooms where orders by mail are filled and requests for samples are answered are all in the basements under the stores. The mailing department is a grand institution in itself. Between 4000 and 5000 letters come to it by the first post every day, and the number that come by subsequent posts averages 1500 a day.

The founder and proprietor of this amazing aggregation of industries is a Yorkshire man of fifty-eight years of age, who established himself in Westbourne Grove twenty-six years ago in a little shop, with two clerks and a boy to assist him. As it is always deemed necessary to mention the sum of money with which such a man arrived in the city where he subsequently makes a fortune, the fact in this case should be stated. It is that Mr. Whiteley had forty dollars. He is a short, stocky man, with long reddish side whiskers of the Dundreary pattern, and with a marked absence of neck and generosity of girth. His prominent sharp nose and piercing dark eyes force his face upon the memory. It is said of Mr. Whiteley that he has never received a loan or favor or financial help of any sort, and that even when money has been bequeathed to him he has refused to take it. If his biographers tell the truth he has nothing, and will take nothing that has not accrued from his business.

I noticed that while our party was making a tour of the great aggregation of shops a fair young American member of it once nudged her father as she was passing the display of ready-made linen garments. "I don't understand how the English women can stand it," I heard her say. "All the material that I see made up in the shops is coarse enough to shoot pease through." When our guide heard her complaining that the kid gloves she had purchased in another shop were two sizes too large for her, the man said he thought the reason was that the numbers by which glove sizes are designated had recently been changed, so that all have lower numbers than they used to. "Our English ladies have large hands," he said, "and I suspect the change was made to flatter them." In the shop where ladies' dresses are displayed, there is said to be a variety that embraces everything between a calico wrapper and a gown costing 150 guineas. "What a pity!" the American miss remarked, *sotto voce.* "Just to think that not one garment in the whole lot will fit whoever buys it, and that not one purchaser will ever care whether it does or not, and that nobody would know how to fit a dress if such a thing were demanded."

"Good heavens!" her father exclaimed; "what ever will become of a nation so lost to all that makes up human greatness?"

The young lady plied our guide with questions, and I thought I saw by the queries she put that she was making a desperate effort to judge the great place fairly, but that every reply to every question was settling her deeper and deeper in the conviction that there was little in it to admire. Finally she put one momentous interrogation, on the answer to which it seemed to me her irrevocable decision was to turn for or against the place.

"Where are your bargain counters?" she asked.

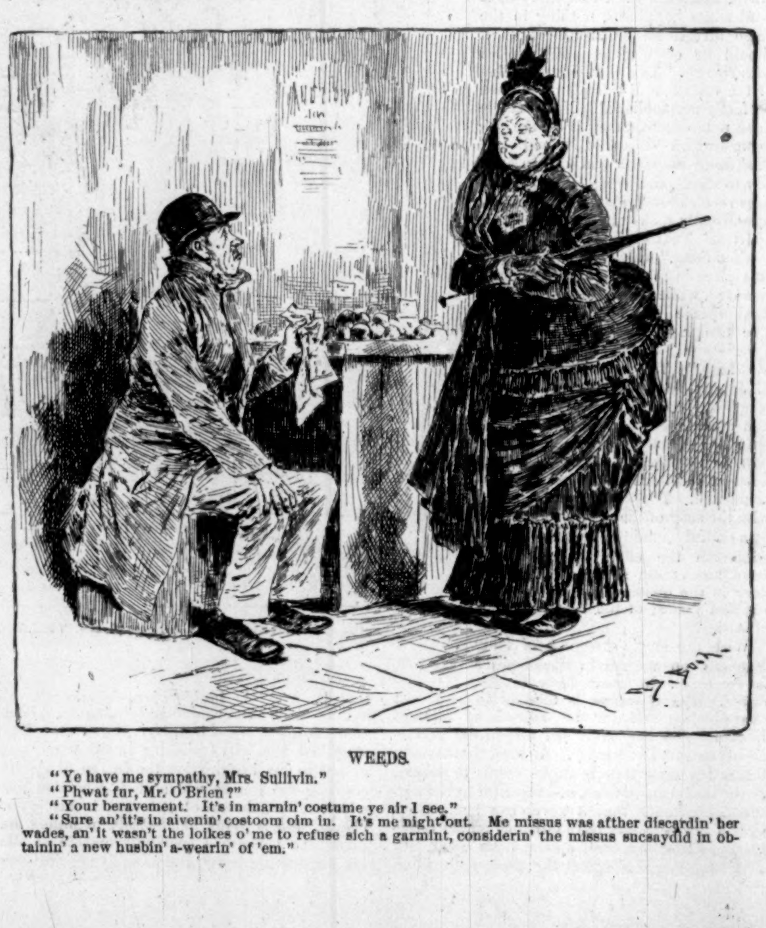
"Bargain counters, miss?" the man repeated. "What are they?"

She explained.

"We have none," said the man. "We have instead what we call 'remnant day.' One day in each week we display what you would call bargains, and the people are aware of it, and rush to see them."

I could see deep into the fair American's mind, and it seemed to me that my mind's ear heard her thought, "If I was doomed to live in London, remnant days would be the only ones on which I would ever come to this place."

Other very great stores in London are the co-operative stores of the army and navy and of the civil service. They are so like the great shopping bazars of this country and Paris that they need not be described here. Their purpose is to sell goods at the lowest market prices to stockholders and members of the branches of the public service after which they are named. The profits are divided among the stockholders, who are greatly envied by the rest of mankind. So firm is the public confidence in the quality and cheapness of all goods sold in these stores that a majority of the members find it impossible to avoid sharing their privileges with their friends. To buy in such a store it is only necessary to use a member's number, and that is merely mentioned to the clerk who waits upon you. The first thing the average American acquainted in London is apt to do is to borrow some one's number, so as to shop in these stores, and it is surprising how easy a thing to do that is.



WEEDS.

"Ye have me sympathy, Mrs. Sullivin."
"Phwat fur, Mr. O'Brien?"
"Your beravement. It's in marnin' costume ye air I see."
"Sure an' it's in aivenin' costoom oim in. It's me night out. Me missus was afther discardin' her wades, an' it wasn't the loikes o' me to refuse sich a garmint, considerin' the missus sucsaydid in obtainin' a new husbin' a-wearin' of 'em."

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE CONGO BASIN.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SURPRISES AND NEW-FOUND PEOPLES OF THE PAST FIVE YEARS.

BY C. C. ADAMS.

I.

IN the light of our present knowledge of the Congo, the wild speculations and beliefs of earlier decades in this century appear almost grotesque. When Tuckey led his ill-fated party up the cataracts in 1816, geographers told him that if he found the river coming from the northeast, as, in fact, it does, it would strengthen the theory that the Congo was the lower course of the Niger. The best maps fifty years ago depicted the fountains of the Congo among the Mountains of the Moon; and when those elusive summits were sponged from the charts, the shrewdest guesses of the map-makers failed to hit the mark. Livingstone died in the belief that the sources of the great river he traced with such courage and patience in his last feeble days were the fountainhead of the Nile; and some geographers assigned all the great lakes from Bangweolo north to the Nile Basin.

Stanley opened the gateway to the Congo Valley, and introduced an era of geographical sensations and surprises unequalled since the discovery of America; and we can imagine how stupendous was the task before the little band of explorers, when it is said that after Stanley's five years of magnificent effort in the great valley we did not have before us even the skeleton of the geography of this river basin. He had been compelled to give most of his wonderful energy to gaining a foothold, to winning the friendship of hundreds of chiefs, and to planting his stations along 1300 miles of the main river. When his last book was published, four years ago, we hardly knew of the existence of the Mobangi, the longest Congo tributary. We had no idea of the real importance and extent of any other great tributary, nor at what point the largest of them joined the Congo. We knew nothing of the remarkable Batwa dwarfs, who hide away in the dense forests south of the Congo, and we had no idea that in this basin would be found the greatest hot-bed of cannibalism of which the world ever heard.

II.

Then began a series of revelations which astonished the geographers and anthropologists. From the exploration of the Mobangi in 1885 to the mapping of the Aruwimi and Lomami a few weeks ago every mail from the Congo has brought new facts for the maps, and every year has furnished its remarkable surprises. A few brave and hardy explorers have completely upset our earlier notions of Congo hydrography. The river which eleven years ago was not classed among the great rivers we now know is second only to the Amazon in the volume it pours into the sea. Its resistless outflow is not for a moment interrupted by the Atlantic tides, and though they invade it as an undercurrent, at its very mouth fresh water can always be dipped from its yellow surface.

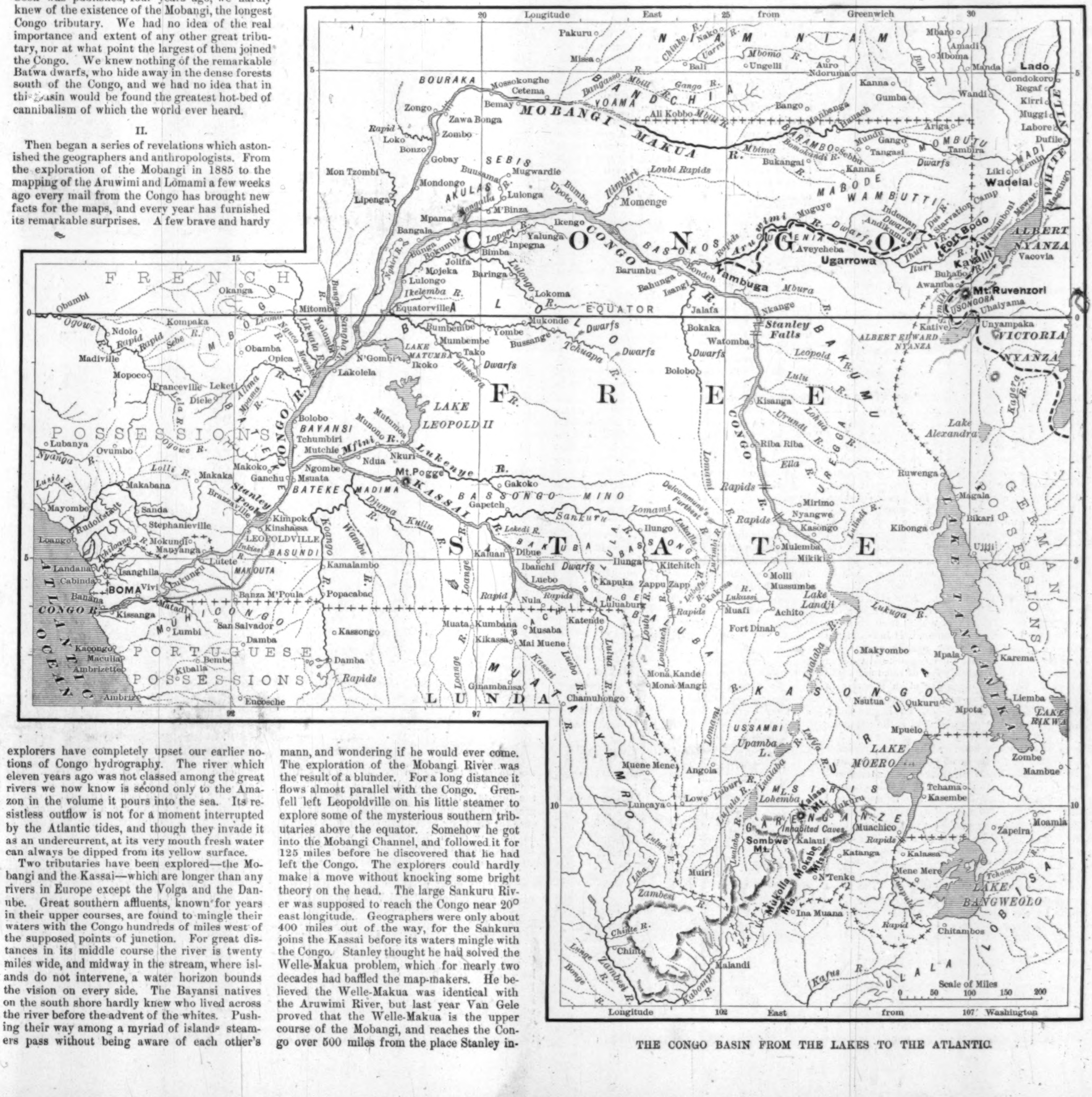
Two tributaries have been explored—the Mobangi and the Kassai—which are longer than any rivers in Europe except the Volga and the Danube. Great southern affluents, known for years in their upper courses, are found to mingle their waters with the Congo hundreds of miles west of the supposed points of junction. For great distances in its middle course the river is twenty miles wide, and midway in the stream, where islands do not intervene, a water horizon bounds the vision on every side. The Bayansi natives on the south shore hardly knew who lived across the river before the advent of the whites. Pushing their way among a myriad of islands steamers pass without being aware of each other's proximity. The Emin Relief Expedition, with its fleet of steamers, went up the river unobserved by white men on the banks. Stanley was accused of exaggeration when, four years ago, he estimated that there were about 5000 miles of navigable waters above Stanley Pool. We now know that light-draught steamers at Leopoldville have before them unimpeded waterways aggregating over 7000 miles of navigation. No matter if five cataracts at Stanley Falls bar the way to the heart of Africa. Two independent routes have been discovered, one of them almost completely subtending the great northern bend of the Congo, and steamers from Leopoldville have reached points nearly midway between the two oceans.

For five years a half-dozen men, still little known to the world, have been threading the mazes of the Congo water system. All but two of them have been far too busy to record their great work in books. Their absorbing story must be dug out of reports to the government of the Congo Free State or to geographical societies. But the fragmentary records of these men are full of incidents instructive, amusing, and remarkable. When Wissmann launched his canoes on the Lulua affluent of the Kassai, and traced the greatest southern tributary to the Congo, his wonder daily grew as the river bore him westward, ever westward of its supposed course, and for weeks after he had reached the Congo a steamer was tied to the bank 250 miles further up the river, with mails and supplies for Wissmann, and wondering if he would ever come. The exploration of the Mobangi River was the result of a blunder. For a long distance it flows almost parallel with the Congo. Grenfell left Leopoldville on his little steamer to explore some of the mysterious southern tributaries above the equator. Somehow he got into the Mobangi Channel, and followed it for 125 miles before he discovered that he had left the Congo. The explorers could hardly make a move without knocking some bright theory on the head. The large Sankuru River was supposed to reach the Congo near 20° east longitude. Geographers were only about 400 miles out of the way, for the Sankuru joins the Kassai before its waters mingle with the Congo. Stanley thought he had solved the Welle-Makua problem, which for nearly two decades had baffled the map-makers. He believed the Welle-Makua was identical with the Aruwimi River, but last year Van Gele proved that the Welle-Makua is the upper course of the Mobangi, and reaches the Congo over 500 miles from the place Stanley indicated. Junker believed the Nepoko was the Aruwimi, but it turns out to be merely a tributary of that stream. As late as September, 1888, Stanley thought the Muta Nzige was probably a Congo feeder, but he has now shown it to be one of the fountains of the Nile. Since the map which accompanies this article was completed it has been once revised to include fresh discoveries. The latest Congo map of *Le Mouvement Géographique* was revised five times after it was ready for the press before the public saw it.

III.

So the additions to geographical information have been an unbroken series of surprises; and the remarkable facts concerning millions of people who are now first revealed to the world are even more interesting and unexpected. The explorers have had a great variety of experience, from amusing to tragical, with these boisterous and sometimes dangerous children of nature. Some of them thought the strange visitors were ghosts, and others that they were cannibals who had come among them simply because black men were plentiful there and good to eat. Tinned meats were looked upon as reserve supplies of human flesh. Good management, tact, a little harmless deceit, or spectacular display has usually sufficed to transform enemies into friends. Wissmann was compelled to fight his way through the country of the Bassongo-Mino cannibals while floating down the Kassai. The fierce Yakama of the Mobangi-Makua surrounded Van Gele on an island, and would have utterly destroyed the party had not his guns cleared a way through their myriad of canoes. These deplorable events are the most notable occasions on which blood has been shed during the later era of Congo exploration, until Stanley had to fight his way among the denizens of the great Aruwimi forests. It is the policy of the Congo State to punish all natives who molest white travellers. The Bassongo-Mino cannibals and the natives of the Upper Congo, who have attacked the whites simply because they confounded them with the murderous Arabs, have been taught discretion by the burning of their villages.

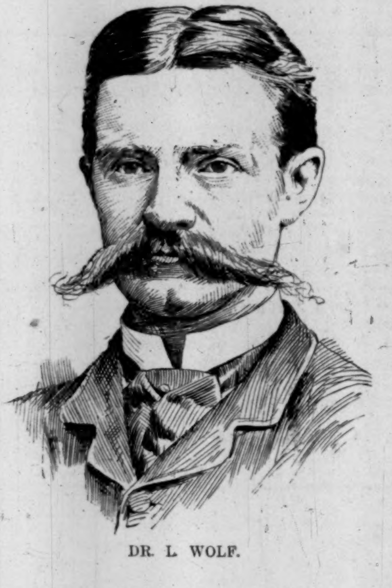
Jacques De Brazza worked his way for hundreds of miles through the northern Congo forests with his compass playing the part of a powerful fetich worth going far to see, but terrible in its resentment of evil done the whites. His more famous brother Savorgnan opened the route up the Ogowe River through the formidable Pahouin tribe, who had turned Du Chaillu and all other white men back, by filling the sky one night with an amazing display of rockets, Roman-candles, and whirligigs. Wissmann also found fireworks effective when a chief told him that the passage of a certain river would be the signal for war. The shrieks of a steamer whistle has sent many a hostile little fleet scurrying for shelter. When Dr. Wolf discovered the new route to Central Africa up the Sankuru, a plot to kill the



Longitude East from Greenwich
Longitude East from Washington
20
25
30
15
0
5
10
92
97
102
107
EQUATOR
CONGO
FREE
STATE
FRENCH
POSSESSIONS
PORTUGUESE
POSSESSIONS
GERMAN POSSESSIONS
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NIAM NIAM
MOBANGI-MAKUA R.
BANDJA
YOAMA
SEBIS
AKULAS
MABODE
WAMBUTTI
MOMBUTU
BASOKOS
BAKUMU
BASSONGO MINO
BATEKE
BAYANSI
BASUNDI
MAKOUTA
LUNDA
MUATA YAMVO
URUA
KASONGO
USSAMBI
ULALA
BASSONGO
KASSAI R.
Lukenye R.
Sankuru
Lomami
Lualaba
Aruwimi R.
Ubangi
Ogowe R.
Kwango R.
Lulua R.
LAKE LEOPOLD II
LAKE MATUMBA
LAKE TANGANYIKA
LAKE MOERO
LAKE BANGWEOLO
LAKE RIKWA
ALBERT NYANZA
ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA
VICTORIA NYANZA
Lake Alexandra
Lake Landji
Upamba L.
Stanley Pool
Stanley Falls
Mt. Ruwenzori
Mt. Pogge
USONGORA
Dwarfs
Rapids
LEOPOLDVILLE
BOMA
Banana
Matadi
Vivi
Isanghila
Lukungu
Kinshassa
Brazzaville
Equatorville
Bangala
Upoto
Yambuga
Ugarrowa
Fort Bodo
Kavalli
Wadelai
Lado
Dufile
Nyangwe
Kasongo
Luluaburg
Mona Kande
San Salvador
Franceville
Madiville
Loango
Landana
Cabinda
Kacongo
Ambrizette
Ambriz
Zambesi
Katanga
Kazembe
Karema
Kibonga
Ujiji
Mpala
Zombe
Tchama
CONGO R.
Scale of Miles
0 50 100 150 200

THE CONGO BASIN FROM THE LAKES TO THE ATLANTIC.

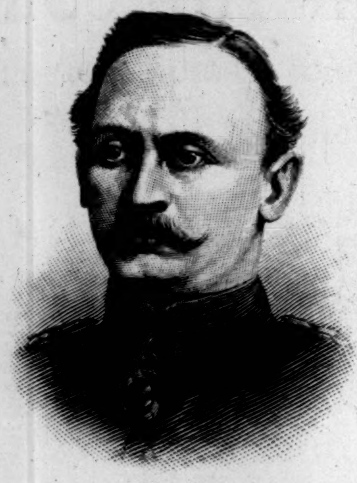
party was hatched by Bassongo-Mino natives, who openly discussed it, not knowing that one of Wolf's men could understand them. "See!" cried the chief, "they have no spears or arrows. We will kill them all, and take their beautiful things." Wolf walked up to the chief, fired a revolver close to his ear, and the savage dropped to the ground with fright, and then begged the white man to go on his way in peace. Grenfell tried blank-cartridges on the Tchuapa River until they ceased to be a virtue. "You shoot with smoke," shouted the hostiles, "and smoke never hurt us yet." A few whizzing bullets, which splashed water over their canoes, gave them other views, and they retired to a respectful distance. Grenfell has never shed a drop of blood in all his long journeys on the steamer *Peace*. When he could not advance without killing the natives, he retired. One day he turned his prow toward a crowd of howling natives who were poising their spears on the shore. He came near enough to throw among them a cloth full of beads, brass wire, and gewgaws, and then withdrew. On another occasion, when his vessel grounded on a sand-bar, and a fleet of menacing savages bore down upon him, his wife, with a woman's ready wit, threw among them a double handful of beads, and in their scramble for the treasures the savages forgot to attack until the boat was again in the channel. Grenfell's prudence and humanity paved the way for friendly relations with many a tribe who had received him with threats of destruction. The reputation of being a great wizard has been a convenient resource for many an African traveller. When the Bangala refused to sell food to Coquilhat, and he was in a sad plight, he told them, as they met for a palaver, that unless they became friendly and helpful, he would summon his brothers to his aid. It happened just then, though Coquilhat did not know it, that a steamer was approaching the town, and the natives, looking down the river where his finger pointed, saw the puffing little vessel. For a while after that there was nothing too good for a man who could summon steam-boats by a wave of his hand.



DR. L. WOLF.

IV.

These explorers have found that probably one-third of the people of the Congo Basin, which is supposed to contain about 20,000,000 souls, are cannibals. For 1300 miles up the great river, from Bolobo, above Stanley Pool, to a considerable distance above Nyangwe, nearly all the tribes are cannibals. Some of the largest Congo tributaries, like the Mobangi and the Aruwimi on the north, and the Tchuapa and Lulongo on the south, are thickly peopled with them. They are the dominating tribes in more than one-half of the Congo State, and some very curious discoveries have been made about them. As a rule, they do not eat women. Though some tribes, like the Manyema, say the flesh of a man is much more savory than that of a woman, it is believed the chief reason the fair sex usually escape the cooking pot is because their commercial value is greater, and comparatively few of them are killed in war. Cannibal tribes are often superior in physique, intelligence, and in their arts to the natives who abhor their practices. The largest building yet found in equatorial Africa, the assembly hall of the Monbuttu cannibals, is over fifty feet high and 150 feet long, and its immense roof is supported by five rows of posts made of trunks of trees. The Monbuttu are the most famous cannibals of the Congo Basin. When Schweinfurth visited them, they followed the tribes around them simply as game, killed as many of the enemy as they could, smoked the flesh, and bore it away as provisions. Among the curious sights of the Congo Basin are the suspension-bridges, a net-work of stout vines thrown across the streams. They are usually the private property of a chief, who collects toll of the passengers. The finest specimens of these bridges are said to be those made by the Manyema cannibals in the Upper Congo Basin. They are so skilfully made and firmly anchored that they hardly move under the tread of marching people. The best native servants of the Congo State are the Bangala cannibals, who thickly populate the banks of the Congo above the Mobangi. Five thousand of these cannibals, many of whom manned the canoes which gave fearful battle to Stanley, and chased him down the river, crying, "Meat! meat!" are now enrolled among the State militia, and are



CAPTAIN WISSMANN.

trained to service as soldiers, boatmen, and station laborers. One of our illustrations shows a squad of cannibals from near the Aruwimi River, in the State uniform, learning the manual of arms at Boma, over 1000 miles from the great plateau where they have hunted men for food.

Tribes that do not indulge in this atrocious practice have the greatest horror of cannibals. Coquilhat's men at Bangala could not repress their disgust when they saw scores of natives walking about nibbling pieces of human flesh, which they held in banana leaves. Von François describes the terror of his fat servant when they reached the cannibal tribes of the Tchuapa River. Nothing could induce him to leave the boat, and he was wisely precautious, for the natives regarded him with greedy eyes, and more than once begged the whites to make them a present of the man as a token of friendship. Knowing the whites abhor the practice, the natives often deny at first that they eat human flesh, but when they can no longer conceal the fact of their indulgence they boldly justify it. The Manyema told one explorer that their neighbors were thieves and ought to be eaten. "They come here," they said, "and steal our bananas, and so we chase and kill and eat them." A small tribe near the Kassai told Kund and Tappenbeck that they were not friends of theirs, for when their friends came to see them, they always brought them a few men to eat. The Bangala were rather bright in some of the answers they made to Coquilhat's words of protest.

"This is horrible," he said to a chief, whom he caught at dinner.

"On the contrary, it is delicious with salt," was the reply.

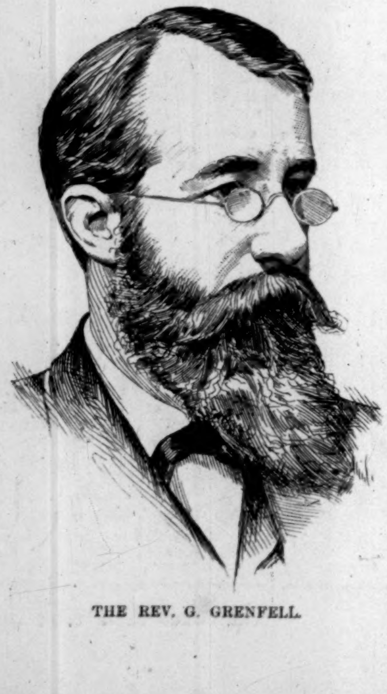
"This is a bad use to put a man to," Coquilhat remarked to another.

"All your talk about man being such a great being," the chief answered, "shows that human flesh is the best sort of food. It is a noble aliment, while the flesh of mere animals is a vile sort of nourishment."

The more intelligent cannibals admit that when they eat men they destroy a source of wealth, but they say they cannot renounce a great pleasure to secure a doubtful gain.

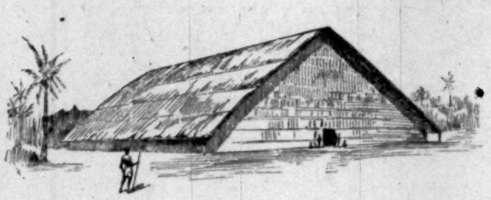
A distinction must be made between those cannibals who only occasionally taste human flesh and those with whom it is an habitual food resource. The Bangala, for instance, believe that the bravery and other qualities of a victim are imparted to those who partake of his flesh.

A white man who long lived among them says he saw only three cannibal feasts in five months. There are many tribes, however, like those along the Aruwimi, with whom human flesh is an article of daily diet if they can get it. It was among these people at the mouth of the Aruwimi that a Haussa soldier in the service of the State had a thrilling experience. He and two others were left at the site of a station the State intended to establish. The natives took his two comrades out in canoes on a pretence of fishing, and from the bushes where he had concealed himself he saw their dead bodies brought back, and all the preparations of the cannibal feast. He was captured and destined to the same fate, but before the preparations were made he managed to escape. For weeks he lived in the woods, subsisting upon roots and a little raw manioc he stole at night from the gardens. He was finally caught again, but being too emaciated for service, he lived on the fat of the land while acquiring the requisite plumpness. He was finally rescued by Arabs, just as he was about to be sacrificed.



THE REV. G. GRENFELL.

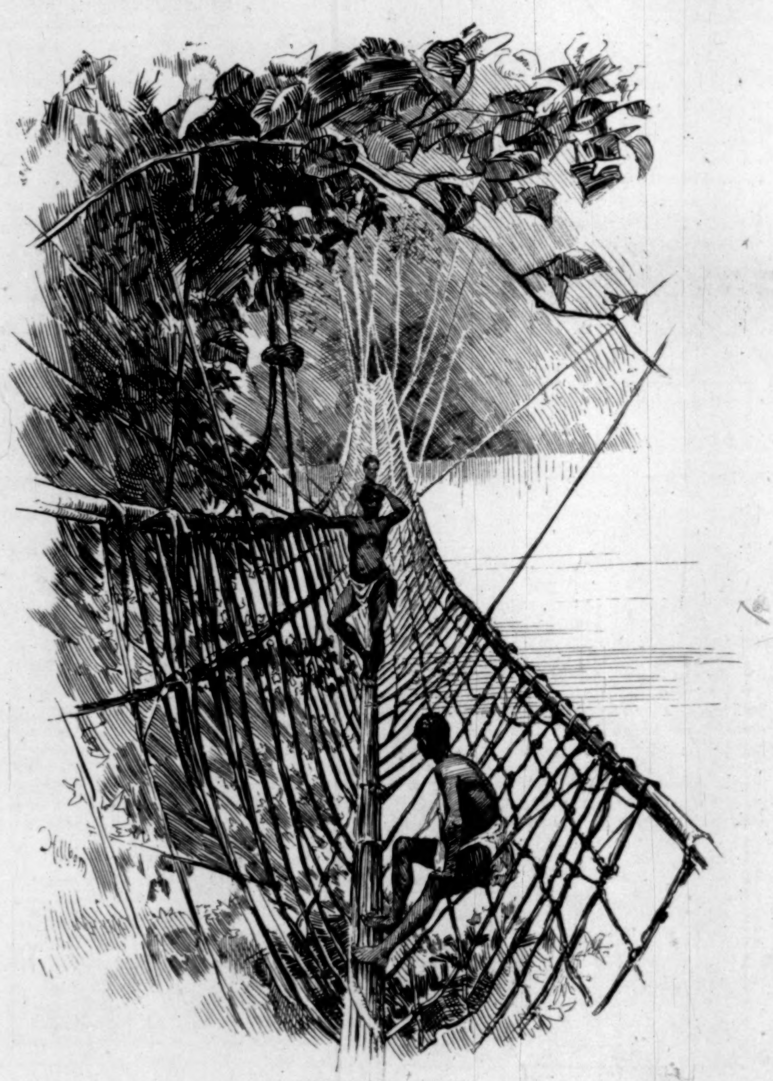
Captain Van Gele has told of the densely peopled portion of the Lower Mobangi, where tribes make war for the single purpose of procuring meat. He saw a war expedition of the Baati which numbered fifty canoes. At the mouth of the Aruwimi River a station has just been established whose garrison includes several hundred Basoko cannibals. It is believed that by decreasing the opportunities for indulging in this practice the men-eaters who are in the service of the State will be gradually weaned from it. The State fully intends to exert its influence as far as possible to prevent cannibalism. It is an encouraging fact that one tribe is known, the Baluba, who voluntarily abandoned anthropophagy, and now regard the practice with disgust. Though it will undoubtedly be a very slow process, there is reason to believe that as the influence of white men extends, cannibalism in the Congo Basin will gradually disappear, as it has from many Pacific islands.



LARGEST NATIVE HOUSE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

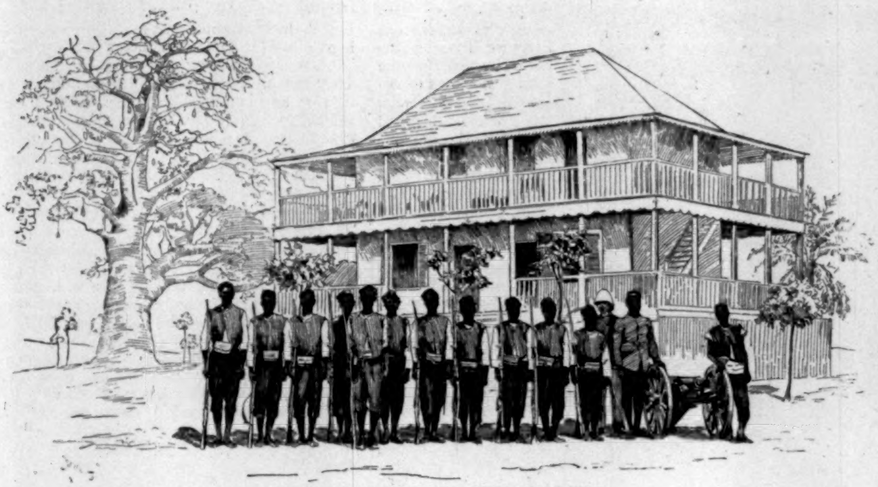
V.

When Stanley traced the Congo to its mouth, he heard at Nyangwe of fierce dwarfs, who were said to live in great forests to the north, and to be most intractable little creatures, fighting like demons with poisoned spears and arrows, eating the bodies of their fallen foes, having no settled abode, but wandering from place to place through the forests. It was thought these stories were greatly exaggerated by Arabs, who wished an excuse for declining to send an escort with Stanley on his way down the river. It was not until 1885 and 1886 that four of our explorers discovered the Batwa dwarfs spread over a great area in that part of the Congo Basin which is directly south of the great northern bend of the river. In one season Grenfell and Von François found them in large numbers in two different river basins over 200 miles apart. Grenfell had previously found them on the Upper Lomami, southwest of Stanley Falls. Between the Lomami and the Congo the Arabs say they have had many a hard fight with them. Further west, on the Bussera and Tchuapa rivers, Grenfell and Von François had a number of unpleasant encounters with them. At the furthest points reached on both these rivers the hostility of the howling little folks prevented further advance. Their arrows, slimy with poison, were showered by hundreds upon the wooden sun roof of the steamer, or dashed against the steel net-work that protected the deck. Looking up the precipitous bluffs above the Tchuapa, the explorers could see the little coffee-brown people clambering where it seemed impossible to maintain a foothold, and they saw them, too, swinging with the agility of monkeys from limb to limb of great trees, creeping far out on branches overhanging the river, and launching their shafts in mid-air at the impertinent strangers who had dared to invade their privacy. Over 275 miles further south Wissmann met them in the country of the Bassonge, and he described the specimens he met as ill-shapen, woebegone bits of humanity, despised by their neighbors, and living in tiny huts. Far west, near the Kassai River, among the Bakuba, Dr. Wolf met them also. They seemed to be timid little souls, quite unlike their fierce brethren who had given such a warm reception to Grenfell and Von François.

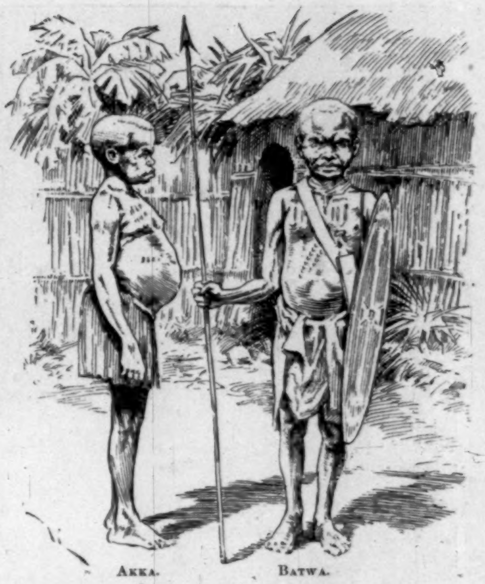


A SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

These curious people, as revealed to us by our four explorers, inhabit a region a little larger than the State of Maine. They are lighter in color and not so prognathous as the Akka whom Schweinfurth discovered on the upper waters of the Mobangi-Makua, and of whose fighting qualities Stanley has recently had the most unpleasant experiences. Both the Akka and the Batwa are cannibals. It was an Akka dwarf who told Emin Pasha, when quitting his service, that he was going home because he was tired of beef. The Akka, from four feet to four feet six inches in height, are believed to be the smallest people in the world. The Batwa are a little taller, and, according to the several authorities, they seem to average about four feet six inches in height. In only a few places do they form the exclusive population. They wander around among other peoples whose language they speak, and whom they supply with the products of the chase; for there are no hunters in the great Congo forests like these active little fellows. Eight or more families of them rear their rude huts together on some good hunting-grounds, and when in a few months game becomes scarce, they move on to other fields, and again dig their pits for elephants, buffalo, and hippopotami, which are impaled on sharpened stakes as they break through into the trap. From the boughs of trees also they hurl their spears at creatures going to drink, and, if need be, they follow the wounded animal for days, planting a fresh spear in its flesh whenever op-



TURNING CANNIBALS INTO SOLDIERS.



TYPES OF DWARF TRIBES.

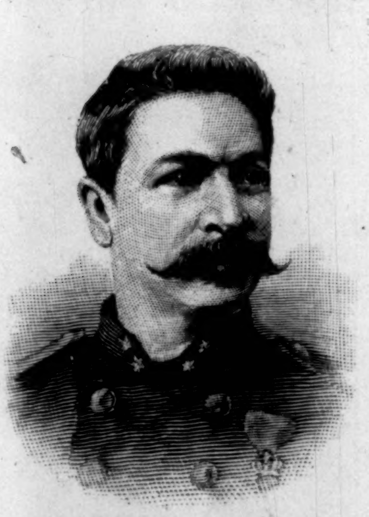
portunity offers. The cunning little fellows seldom lose a weapon. The barbed spear-heads cannot drop from the wound they make. The shaft is only loosely fastened to the joint, and as the animal brushes through the timber it falls to his side, where it dangles from a stout cord attached to the iron spear point. In war they use poisoned arrows, and, unlike most African tribes, they attack their enemy in the night, creeping noiselessly up to set fire to the huts, and then shoot the hapless victims as they rush out. Tribes who have not met them and won their friendship are in deadly fear of the dwarfs. "Don't go near the dwarfs," said the Congo people to Grenfell. "They permit no stranger to enter their country, they shoot with poisoned arrows, and they are the ugliest of mortals, with big heads and bearded chins upon the smallest of bodies." Sure enough, the explorers found that many of them wear thin beards, but they are not particularly ugly, and have no other marked physical peculiarity except their extreme smallness.

When the dwarfs are on the march to new camps they sleep at night on the branches of trees out of the reach of wild beasts. Their surplus meat they take to the nearest chief, exchanging it for vegetables or for brass wire and beads, with which they buy women for wives; and thus they are assimilating with the people among whom they wander, and many of their offspring are larger than their fathers. Anthropologists are speculating upon the origin of these curious people, who were known to the ancient Greeks, and whom Herodotus and Aristotle described. All the linguistic and other evidence that seems worthy of consideration favors the theory that these scattered dwarf families—the Akka north, and the Batwa south of the Congo, the Doko of Abyssinia, the Obongo of the Gaboon, and the Bushmen of South Africa—are the remnants of the aborigines of inner Africa, who were finally scattered far and wide by the incoming of other peoples.

VI.

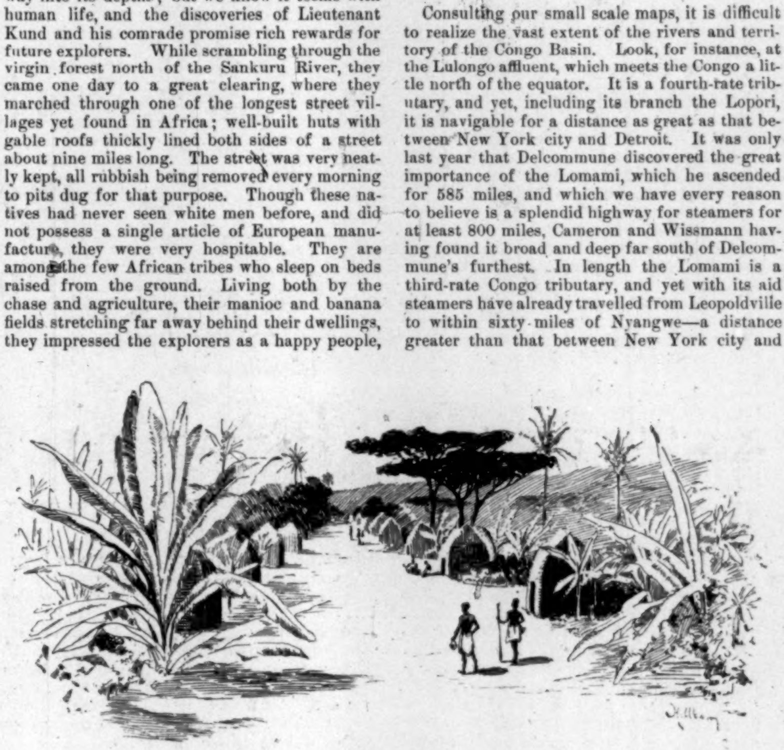
The dwarfs are only one phase of the remarkable discoveries made in this great forest region which fills the entire country south of the big northern bend. No one dreamed three years ago that scattered all through this great district live a people known as the Balolo, believed to number several millions, the most numerous and widely disseminated of all the Congo races—a copper-colored people of superior physique and of higher intelligence than most central African tribes, living in organized communities, and hospitably disposed toward the whites as soon as they learn their friendly purposes. A few weeks ago a little steam-boat had its trial trip on the Thames that is destined for the rivers flowing through the Balolo country, and eight missionaries are on the way to plant their stations on these river-banks.

Hundreds of thousands of the Balolo live in huts reared on piles along the edge of rivers, and in the long period of high water they moor canoes under their homes, and reach the floor of their huts by means of ladders. Similar structures have been found by Young along the edge of Nyassa, by Cameron in Lake Mohrya, by Serpa Pinto and Arnot among the Zambesi head waters, and thus millions of people are reproducing in Africa the type of dwelling common in some parts of Europe during the era of the lake dwellers.



CAPTAIN VAN GELE.

We know little yet of this almost impenetrable forest region, except along the water-courses, as only Kund and Tappenbeck have plunged a little way into its depths; but we know it teems with human life, and the discoveries of Lieutenant Kund and his comrade promise rich rewards for future explorers. While scrambling through the virgin forest north of the Sankuru River, they came one day to a great clearing, where they marched through one of the longest street villages yet found in Africa; well-built huts with gable roofs thickly lined both sides of a street about nine miles long. The street was very neatly kept, all rubbish being removed every morning to pits dug for that purpose. Though these natives had never seen white men before, and did not possess a single article of European manufacture, they were very hospitable. They are among the few African tribes who sleep on beds raised from the ground. Living both by the chase and agriculture, their manioc and banana fields stretching far away behind their dwellings, they impressed the explorers as a happy people, shielded from outside dangers by the vast arboreal wilderness around them, and getting through life very comfortably without the blessings and the evils of civilization.



WISSMANN'S STREET VILLAGE TEN MILES LONG.

On the great savannas just south of this forest belt, Wissmann saw similar street towns, one of them a Beneki village about ten miles long, and containing, he estimated, 20,000 people. At night 5000 of the people visited his camp. When he crossed Africa the second time, he saw the pitiful ruins of this same town, with nothing to indicate that it had once been the peaceful home of thousands, save heaps of ashes, bones bleaching in the grass-grown street, and now and then a human hand nailed to a pole. This picture of desolation marked the eastern limit of the ravages of Arab murderers, the terrible scourge that has made Africa the scene of indescribable misery. Northeast of this place, in the Sankuru Basin, Dr. Wolf saw natives, who had never seen white men, armed with percussion guns, which they handled with skill. Arabs had supplied the guns, and taught their wretched allies how to use them on the slave hunt. It was one of the strange contrasts often met in Africa that, not far from these blacks with fine guns in their hands, Wolf saw, on the banks of the Lomami, a most primitive people, housed during high water in rude huts built upon the branches of trees. These tree houses have also been discovered by Grenfell and Van Gele for hundreds of miles up the Mobangi, where they are used as posts of observation or places of retreat in time of attack.

VII.

Out of these forest depths have come some of the greatest geographical surprises. Wolf steamed up the broad Sankuru amid many tribulations, daily plastering his broken engine with clay, and using gun-barrels for steam-pipes; but the news he brought home was worth all it cost, for he had found a splendid waterway from Leopoldville—800 miles—to within 130 miles of famous Nyangwe on the Upper Congo. He had solved the great problem of reaching central Africa by a route other than the Congo, blocked as it is by cataracts at Stanley Falls. On this great river, three miles wide at times, with an average depth of nine feet, he met hundreds of enormous canoes, twice as long as his little vessel, manned by eighty boatmen. It was a picturesque sight to see these great boats, with crews on their feet, plying the paddles so effectively that they far outstripped the little steamer. It was here Wolf found that woman is not always down-trodden in Africa. A powerful chief had bade him begone or he would kill him. As Wolf approached the shore, warriors lined it, poising their spears, when suddenly the chief's daughter rushed to the water's edge, commanded the sullen crowd to drop their weapons, and invited the white man ashore, willing, no doubt, to play the rôle of Pocahontas if occasion required. She requited him for the gewgaws he gave her with a boat-load of provisions, and sent him on his way with a cordial invitation to call again.

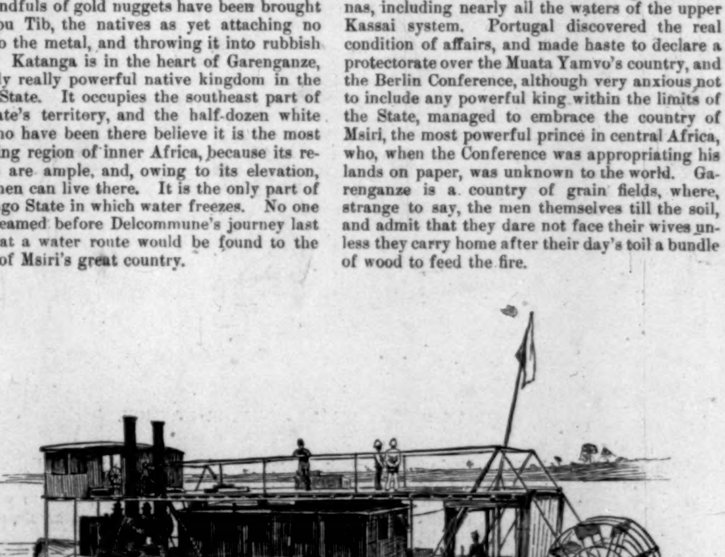
VIII.

Consulting our small scale maps, it is difficult to realize the vast extent of the rivers and territory of the Congo Basin. Look, for instance, at the Lulongo affluent, which meets the Congo a little north of the equator. It is a fourth-rate tributary, and yet, including its branch the Lopori, it is navigable for a distance as great as that between New York city and Detroit. It was only last year that Delcommune discovered the great importance of the Lomami, which he ascended for 585 miles, and which we have every reason to believe is a splendid highway for steamers for at least 800 miles, Cameron and Wissmann having found it broad and deep far south of Delcommune's furthest. In length the Lomami is a third-rate Congo tributary, and yet with its aid steamers have already travelled from Leopoldville to within sixty miles of Nyangwe—a distance greater than that between New York city and Omaha. Delcommune's discovery added another splendid route to central Africa, and when the railroad in the cataract region is completed, as it will be in about four years, there will be a steam route from the sea almost to the borders of Katanga in Msiri's kingdom, whose copper is even now exported to the coasts, and from whence several handfuls of gold nuggets have been brought to Tippu Tib, the natives as yet attaching no value to the metal, and throwing it into rubbish heaps. Katanga is in the heart of Garenganze, the only really powerful native kingdom in the Congo State. It occupies the southeast part of the State's territory, and the half-dozen white men who have been there believe it is the most promising region of inner Africa, because its resources are ample, and, owing to its elevation, white men can live there. It is the only part of the Congo State in which water freezes. No one ever dreamed before Delcommune's journey last year that a water route would be found to the border of Msiri's great country.

IX.

One of the most remarkable things in central Africa is the inhabited caves in the Sombwe Mountains, Garenganze, where thousands of natives live in a subterranean city. Twenty-six years ago a native of the Upper Nile told Colonel Grant that in Katanga he had seen inhabited tunnels dug through the mountains, and the roof of one cave was so high that from a camel's back he could not touch it with a spear. No one believed the story, but we learned last year that there was some truth in it. Mr. Arnot, the young missionary who tramped 2500 miles in Africa with very meagre resources, says the Sombwe Mountains are dotted here and there with these cavern mouths, and he believes they have an aggregate length of several miles. They are artificial excavations, many of them running parallel with the base of the mountains, with outlets here and there, in front of which are the fields of the cave dwellers. They house their herds and store their grain in the caves, into which they also retreat when an enemy approaches, finding safety in these labyrinthine alleys, for many of the caves are connected by dark passages. Though they are exceedingly timid, Msiri, with all his power, has never been able to extort tribute from them, for his soldiers have not ventured to follow them into their dark retreat. Arnot was not with them long enough to make a thorough study of this numerous people and their remarkable dwellings, but he will make a special report upon them when he again reaches the distant mission field to which he is now returning from England. Though these are supposed to be the most extensive cave dwellings in Africa, other tribes also perpetuate this the earliest type of human habitations. He is a happy Bushman who finds a cave prepared by nature's architect for the uses of his family; and at Elgon, northeast of Victoria Nyanza, a large number of people live with their herds in great artificial caves of whose origin they have no tradition.

If the Berlin Conference had known as much of the Congo Basin as we do to-day, the Free State would not have had its present erratic and illogical southern boundary. It was deemed wise to avoid all complications with the famous Muata Yamvo, whose country, larger than Germany, is in the southwest part of the great basin. In utter ignorance of the fact that the Muata Yamvo's power was falling to pieces, that his tributary chiefs were throwing off the yoke, and enemies were enslaving his people, the Conference excluded from the State's domain these great savannas, including nearly all the waters of the upper Kassai system. Portugal discovered the real condition of affairs, and made haste to declare a protectorate over the Muata Yamvo's country, and the Berlin Conference, although very anxious not to include any powerful king within the limits of the State, managed to embrace the country of Msiri, the most powerful prince in central Africa, who, when the Conference was appropriating his lands on paper, was unknown to the world. Garenganze is a country of grain fields, where, strange to say, the men themselves till the soil, and admit that they dare not face their wives unless they carry home after their day's toil a bundle of wood to feed the fire.



"THE STANLEY" ON THE UPPER CONGO.